WYNONNA EARP

FREAK

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

STRANGE INHERITANCE

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WYNONNA EARP

STRANGE INHERITANCE

PROLOGUE

ROJAS, ARIZONA.

FIVE YEARS AGO.

THE PIG AND WHISTLE

ICE

IT WAS PRETTY MUCH A REGULAR SATURDAY NIGHT. ONE OF THE GRUMMLEY FAMILY WOULD DECIDE TO GET ALL LIQUORED UP AND BUST SOMETHING. FULL MOON ALWAYS SEEMED TO ENHANCE THEIR MOOD SWINGS. THEY ONLY HAD ONE MOOD...

AND THAT WAS BAD.

I WAS HOPING ODELL OR MARVIN GRUMMLEY WAS KICKING UP DUST TONIGHT. THEY COULD BE HANDLED WITH A SHOW OF ARMS.

CE

GOOD THING I BROUGHT TWO.

IF IT WAS MABEL GRUMMLEY WELL, THAT'D BE A WHOLE OTHER STORY. SHE LOOKED LIKE SHE COULD EAT A GUN AND SHIT OUT THE BULLETS.

ON THAT PARTICULAR SATURDAY NIGHT THERE WERE NO GRUMMLEYS. NO ODELL, NO MARVIN, NO MABEL.

JUST A WHOLE BUNCH OF WEIRD.

POLICE! DROP THE KNIFE AND LET GO OF THE GIRL!

BAB

'BOUT TIME YOU SHOWED YOURSELF, LAW DOG. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT I WAS GONNA RUN OUT OF FIRST...

BEER OR FOLKS TO KILL.

LOOKS LIKE POLICEWOMAN EARP WANTS TO CUT IN AND DANCE WITH OL' BOB A WHILE.

SCHIPT!

BLAAAM

BLAAAM

BLAAAM

BLAAAM

READING HIM HIS RIGHTS WAS NOT AN OPTION.

YOU FRIGGIN' NUT JOB!

THAT WAS REALLY UNNECESSARY.

ERNIE, CALL THE AMBULANCE FOR THESE PEOPLE. I'M GOING TO CHECK THIS 5150 FOR I.D.

WYNONNA, YOU DON'T WANNA DO THAT...

I GUESS THE MOON MUSTA BEEN FULLER THAT NIGHT.

THAT'S RIGHT, EARP. YOU DON'T WANNA DO THAT.

UUGH!

BOB

GONNA BE HARD TO DANCE OR DIE WITH THEM BIG OL' GUNS WEIGHIN' YA DOWN, EARP.

UUGH!

WE HEARD YOU WAS SPECIAL, LIKE YOUR LONG DEAD RELATIONS. BUT I'M THINKIN' YOU IS JUST ANOTHER STRAY IN THE FAMILY - A DALLIANCE WITH NOT ENOUGH TRUE EARP BLOOD.

WE HAD TO WAIT UNTIL THE REAL MARSHAL EARP GOT OLD BEFORE WE COULD TAKE HIS SCURVY LIFE. HEH, HEH.

AND I BET YOU THOUGHT YOUR DEAR OL' MOMMA REALLY DIED IN THAT FREAK CAR ACCIDENT, DIDN'T YA?

I HAD TO DISTRACT THE FREAK.

CRAAACK

SO I GAVE HIM A LITTLE HEAD.

ARRUGH!

THOUGHT WHEN YOU SAW MY RED SASH YOU'D KNOW. YOUR MOMMA KNEW. SHE REMEMBERED ***THE COWBOYS.***

UGH... DON'T YOU EVER... UGHH... MENTION MY MOM'S NAME.

THAT HURT WORSE THAN ALL THE LEAD YOU SUNK IN MY CHEST.

GUESS ALL THAT TALK 'BOUT YOUR MOMMA GOT YOU FIRED UP.

I'D LOVE TO CUT YOUR TONGUE OFF, BUT A HAND WILL DO FOR NOW.

YA STICKIN' BITCH! YA KNOW HOW LONG IT TAKES TO GROW A FREAKIN' HAND BACK?

SLASH

NOT AS LONG AS IT TAKES TO GROW TWO, I'M GUESSING.

SLASH

I'VE ALWAYS HATED YOU DAMN EARPS!

THE WHOLE BATCH OF YOU SUCK!

I HAD ENOUGH OF BOB'S MOUTH, HIS EYES, HIS NOSE... HIS WHOLE DAMN UGLY HEAD.

SO I CUT IT OFF.

BOB... SHUT UP!

SLAAAAAAASH

WHACKING OFF BOB'S HEAD SEEMED TO DO THE TRICK. IT KILLED HIM AND, MORE IMPORTANTLY, IT SHUT HIM UP.

AN HOUR LATER.

BILL, I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE A SATURDAY NIGHT TAG-AND-BAG, BUT IT GOT REAL "WES CRAVEN" ON ME.

WELL, WY... AS YOUR CAPTAIN, I'VE GOTTA SAY THAT I'VE NEVER SEEN OR HEARD ANYTHING LIKE THIS. PRETTY ODD HOW THOSE TWO BLACK GOVERNMENT VANS CAME.

THEY WERE REAL ANAL ABOUT THE CHOPPED-OFF HEAD BEING IN ONE VAN AND THE BODY IN THE OTHER.

I'VE GOTTA GO AND TALK TO THE GOVERNOR'S BOOT LICKERS. THEY WANNA SEE IF THERE'S A PHOTO OP FOR THEIR BOY HERE.

I'LL TALK TO YOU IN THE MORNING. GOOD WORK, KID.

NIGHT, BILL.

THANKS!

OFFICER EARP, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU?

CHIEF DIRECTOR AUSTIN TAYLOR.

UNITED STATES MARSHAL COVERT OPERATIONS, BLACK BADGE DIVISION. I BELIEVE WE HAVE SOME BUSINESS.

I'M GOING TO MAKE THIS REAL CLEAR: THE BLACK BADGE DIVISION IS TOP LEVEL COVERT. YOUR FAMILY AND THESE FREAKS HAVE BEEN ON OUR RADAR FOR. OVER 100 YEARS.

THE "MAN" YOU HAD A RUN IN WITH TONIGHT WAS A MEMBER OF ***THE COWBOYS.*** EASY TO RECOGNIZE BY THE RED SASH THEY WEAR. THEY ARE ***NOT*** GOVERNMENT ISSUE HUMAN.

THE COWBOYS? AS IN THE CLANTONS, CURLY BILL...? THE SAME THAT MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER DEALT WITH BACK IN TOMBSTONE?

YES. THE SAME. ONLY... MORE.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT TO RECOGNIZE THAT THERE WERE... ABNORMAL... THINGS IN THIS WORLD THAT NEEDED TENDING. HE ESTABLISHED THE BLACK BADGE TO HUNT DOWN THESE ABNORMALITIES. THEY ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING YOUR MOTHER AND GRANDPARENTS, EVEN YOUR GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER, WYATT EARP. THEY'RE IMMORTAL...

UNLESS, AS YOU FOUND OUT, YOU WHACK THEIR HEAD OFF.

OFFICER EARP, WE'D LIKE YOU TO JOIN THE BLACK BADGE.

EARP BLOOD MAKES ME THE BAIT, THE CARROT THAT'S DANGLED IN FRONT OF THE IMMORTAL, GUN-TOTING, KNIFE-SLASHING, KILLER DONKEY, RIGHT?

YES.

GOOD.

YOU'LL NEED THIS.

I STARTED FULFILLING FAMILY DESTINY THAT NIGHT. I'VE GOT A LOT OF THINGS GOING FOR ME...

THE LAW, THE LEGEND, THE LEGACY...

MARSHAL

AND ONE BIG ASS GUN!

REDNECKS, WHITE CORPUSCLES,
AND BLUE RIBBON BEER...

THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF SAN DIABLO, NEW MEXICO.

A HOT DAY.

WYNONNA EARP

VIOLENT TERRITORY

RED NECKS, WHITE CORPUSCLES, AND BLUE RIBBON BEER.

A BAD DAY.

A VERY BAD DAY.

AND IT'S NOT EVEN NOON.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. THE BAY AREA COMMERCE BANK.

A ROBBERY. A HOSTAGE. AND A VERY PSYCHOTIC BAD GUY.

ALMOST EVERYTHING YOU NEED FOR A BLOODY SITUATION.

ALMOST.

THE NAME'S EARP. U.S. MARSHAL SPECIAL OPS.

TELL YOUR SNIPERS I'M GOING TO "TALK" TO THE PERP.

WAIT A MINUTE, MARSHAL. THAT'S NO ORDINARY PERP.

THAT'S MARS JOHNSON. MORPHIN' MARS JOHNSON.

AND HE'S GOT A HOSTAGE.

HE ALWAYS DOES.

HUH??

DID SHE SAY EARP--AS IN WYATT?

KINDA. I'VE HEARD OF HER. SHE'S PART OF THE COVERT U.S. MARSHAL SPECIAL OPS.

SHE CLAIMS TO BE A DESCENDANT OF WYATT EARP.

RUMOR HAS IT SHE'S HIS GREAT GRANDDAUGHTER FROM AN AFFAIR HE HAD WITH SOME HOT ACTRESS IN L.A. BACK AROUND 1920.

SHE'S ONE OF THE MARSHAL CORPS TOP "HALLOWEEN HUNTERS."

YOU A FED? WHERE'S MY MONEY AND MY CHOPPER?

NO GAMES, OR THE BABE HERE GETS THE KINDA CUT YOU CAN'T SEW UP!

UHHHH... PLEASE--DO AS HE SAYS! HE'LL KILL ME!!

NO CHOPPER. NO MONEY. NO DEALS.

YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE SLAB-LAB, MARS. HOME SWEET HOME.

AINT GOING BACK TO THE LAB! I'LL KILL THIS GIRL, JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!

YOU'RE GOING *BACK.*

NO I AINT.

YES YOU *ARE.*

NO I *AINT!*

I'M NOT GOING TO ARGUE WITH YOU, MARS.

SO--I GUESS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO SHOOT YOU.

SHOOT ME?? BUT-- WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL?

I-I'LL KILL HER.

BLAAAAM!

BLAAAAM!

OOH-- DO AS HE SAYS!

UGHHH!

I REALIZE IT'S A SHOCK TO EVERYONE, BUT BULLETS DO TEND TO COME OUT OF A GUN WHEN IT'S FIRED.

Y-YOU... SHOT HIM.

UHHH! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU SHOT ME! YOU REALLY SHOT ME!!

NOTHING GETS BY YOU, HUH, MARS?

OH YEAH... I ALMOST FORGOT.

OOUGHHH!

WHAACK!

WHAT??

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

YOU SHOULD READ YOUR PSYCHO SHEETS MORE OFTEN, AGENT.

JOHNSON ALWAYS WORKS WITH HIS CURRENT GIRLFRIEND. WHENEVER THEY GET SQUEEZED THEY PULL THE HOSTAGE SCAM.

A COUPLE OF GOOD COPS ALWAYS GO DOWN. HE DOES THE SLICIN'. SHE DOES THE SHOOTIN'.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR "MINDLESS" MARS JOHNSON, HE CHANGES HIS M.O. ABOUT AS OFTEN AS HE CHANGES HIS UNDERWEAR.

YEAH... I GUESS SO.

I GUESS IT'S GOTTA BE A LITTLE STRANGE WORKIN' THE FREAK CASES, EH?

FREAKS, FELONS, NATURAL, SUPER-NATURAL. IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER, AGENT.

THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF PREJUDICE WHEN DEALING WITH LAW BREAKERS.

EXTREME PREJUDICE.

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MARSHAL EARP. THIS IS HOME UNIT, AUSTIN, T. WE'VE GOT A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR YOUR FOLDER.

THIS IS MARSHAL EARP, AUSTIN, T. I'M SWITCHING OVER TO SCREEN FOR A VISUAL.

I'M HAVING THE DATA DOWN-LOADED TO YOU AT THE STATION. YOU CAN GIVE A VISUAL THERE.

WE'RE OUT ON THIS END. GOOD HUNTING, MARSHAL.

DOWNLOADING

I NEED YOU TO CHECK INTO SECTOR SIX-SAN FRAN STATION. WE'VE GOT A MAJOR HOO DOO GOING ON IN NEW MEXICO.

I'M ON MY WAY.

SAN DIABLO, NEW MEXICO.

SAN DIABLO TRAILER PARK

COMPANY'S COMIN'.

SET ANOTHER PLATE.

UH, EXCUSE ME.

I'M SAXON. I BELIEVE THAT MR. DEL REY IS EXPECTING ME.

OH, YEAH.

BORN TO BINGO

YA GOT THE CASH THERE IN THAT FANCY PURSE?

UH, I TAKE IT MR. DEL REY IS IN HERE, CORRECT?

HEH, HEH. YEAH.

HE'S IN THERE. GO ON IN, PAL.

UGHHH!

BEDR

OOH, ANDY! I JUST BAKED A FRESH APPLE PIE FOR YOU AND OPIE TO TAKE ON YOUR FISHING TRIP.

UHHH...MR. DEL REY...IT'S ME, SAXON.

I BROUGHT THE MONEY.

LEAVE IT.

MOCT

UH... SURE, MR. DEL REY.

ERRR... WHAT ABOUT THE HEMO?

OH! THANK YOU. UH... WONDERFUL.

CHICK N' COOP

MAYBERRY, HUH? GUESS YOU DON'T HAVE CABLE OUT HERE.

AUNT BEA... HMPHH! WHAT AN OLD BIDDY! REMINDS ME OF MY CRAZY AUNT.

NO WONDER I HATED THAT SHOW.

HISSSSSSSSSS!

YURRKKKK!

HISSSSSSS...

YEEAAARRGGHH!

SHHAAAK!

SHHAAAK!

SHUUNK!

SHUUNK!

HISSSSSS...

YOU DON'T DIS AUNT BEA, BOY.

T-REX

KILLED HIM, EH?

YEAH. HE GAVE MAYBERRY SOME BAD MOUTH.

HAD TO DO EM' AFTER THAT.

BETTER TAKE HIM TO THE LAB AND DRAIN HIM BEFORE HE LOSES ALL HIS JUICE, LUTHER.

HAVE HECTOR AND LOUIS CHOP UP THE CAR FOR PARTS.

I HEARD THAT.

HEH, HEH! WITNESS THE AMERICAN DREAM.

HAHAHAHAHA-HAHAAAAAAA!

SAN DIABLO, NEW MEXICO. THIS IS THE BASE OPS FOR THE MANUFACTURING OF THE NEW DRUG KNOWN AS HEMO.

IT IS RUN BY ONE BOBO DEL REY.

LEADER OF A LONG TIME CULT GROUP THAT DEALS IN GUN AND DRUG RUNNING, KIDNAPPING, MURDER, RAPE, AND TERRORISM WITH-OUT CAUSE.

D24157-1447

D24157-1447

WITHOUT CAUSE MEANING NO POLITICAL OR PROFIT GAIN.

IN THE WORDS OF THE PERP HIMSELF-- "JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT."

THE DRUG HEMO IS THE MOST SOUGHT AFTER NARCOTIC ON THE BLACK MARKET.

IT ACTUALLY MUTATES THE BLOOD IN THE SYSTEM CAUSING THREE DISTINCT STAGES.

STAGE ONE: THE DRUG CAUSES AN ALTERATION IN THE HORMONAL AND GENETIC MAKE UP. THE VICTIM FEELS AN EXHILARATING SEN-SATION FIVE TIMES AS INTOXICATING AS COCAINE OR HEROIN.

A PHYSICAL CHANGE BEGINS.

STAGE TWO: AFTER A SHORT EUPHORIC SURGE THE VICTIM HAS A STRONG URGE FOR BLOOD. WITHOUT IT, THEY BECOME MUCH LIKE A JUNKIE WITHOUT A FIX.

THEY BECOME VIOLENT WITH AN ENHANCED STRENGTH LEVEL.

STAGE THREE: AFTER TAKING MORE PLASMA, THE VICTIM'S MIND AND BODY RIDES A ROLLER COASTER OF EXHILARATION AND NEED.

IN THIS STATE THEIR TOLERANCE FOR PAIN IS INCREDIBLE. LIKE PCP WITH A STEROID BASE.

CAR WASH

THE FULL DATA IS BEING DOWNLOADED TO YOUR LAPTOP AND FLIGHT SWITCHED TO YOUR AWAITING EQUIPMENT IN NEW MEXICO.

THIS IS NOT A CAPTURE MISSION. YOU ARE TO USE WHATEVER MEANS POSSIBLE TO MAKE SURE THAT HEMO OR DEL REY DO NOT SPREAD FURTHER.

GOOD.

LESS PAPERWORK.

SAN DIABLO.

BOBO DEL REY'S CONVERTED HEMO LAB.

THE BLOOD BANK.

BLOOD BANK

I DONE HOOKED THAT YUPPIE PUNK UP TO THE DRAIN TRAIN, ELLIE.

YA GOT ANY DRY ONES THAT NEED HAULED OUT?

YEAH, LUTHER. CHUCK PILED EM' UP BY THE BACK DOOR.

I HEAR BOBO HAS GOT THAT NEW DISH HOOKED UP FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT.

THE SUPER-STATION IS RUNNIN' A MAYBERRY MARATHON.

HELL YEAH! I'VE GOT THE KEGS TAPPED AND READY.

HEY, GIMME A LITTLE TASTE THERE, EM.

SURE. IT'S THE GOOD STUFF...

...TYPE O.

THE PLASMA PUNKS ARE ALL HYPED UP. HAVIN' SOME KINDA PARTY.

THOSE HILLBILLY FREAKS BETTER ENJOY IT WHILE THEY CAN, KENNY.

IT'S NOT GONNA LAST.

IT'S GONNA COME DOWN HARD AINT IT, DOUG?

OH, YEAH, AMIGO.

ARROOOOOOOOOO!

REAL HARD.

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FRUUUUSSHHHHSKITTTUSSHH!

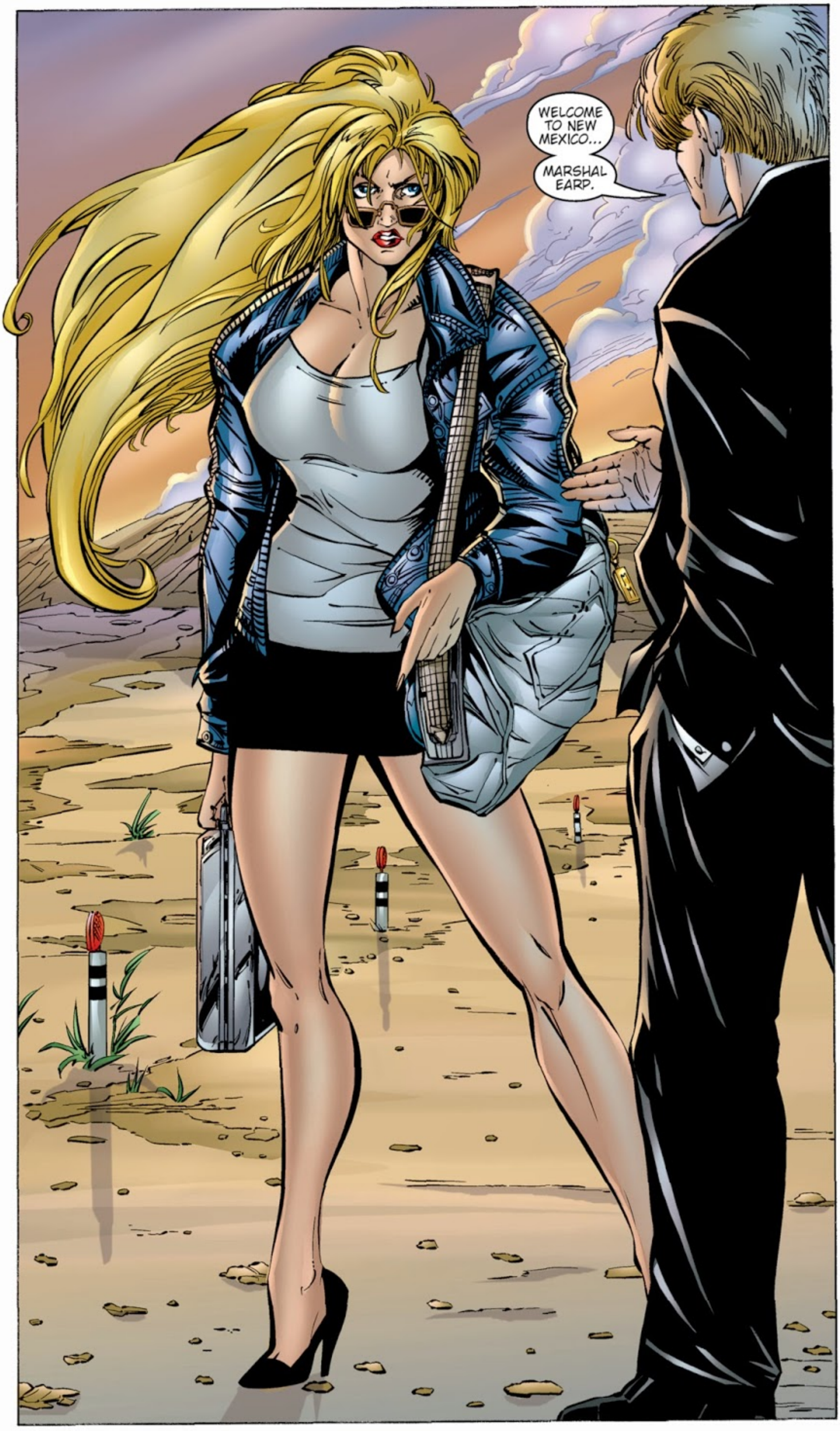
KLA CHAANK

CLIK!

CLIKK!

CLIKK!

CLIKK!


WELCOME TO NEW MEXICO...
MARSHAL EARP.

A NEW PLAGUE OF DARKNESS HAS HIT THE STREETS OF AMERICA. IT IS IN THE FORM OF THE DRUG HEMO.

IT PROMISES POWER AND IMMORTALITY.

IT DELIVERS DEATH.

BOBO DEL REY IS THE LEADER OF THE PACK OF TRAILER-TRASH, DRUG-RUNNING VAMPIRES THAT MANUFACTURE HEMO.

THEY ARE OF THE ANCIENT CULT EL INMORTALAIDAD. A VAMPIRE TRIBE THAT THRIVES IN THE LIGHT OF THE SUN AS WELL AS THE DARK OF NIGHT.

THE BLOODY BADGE OF THE LAW.

SO THE U.S. MARSHAL CORPS. HAS SENT ONE OF THEIR BEST TO SHUT DOWN THE TRAILER PARK OF TERROR.

WYNONNA EARP-- ENFORCER OF THE LAW.

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THE MARSHAL MANUAL STATES THAT AN OFFICER SHOULD ALWAYS CHECK IN WITH THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES UPON ARRIVAL IN THE TOWN OF DESIGNATION.

THE LOCAL AUTHORITIES ARE DEAD.

WHEN THAT HAPPENS...

OPEN

CACTUS BAR

YOU IMPROVISE.

WHOAA.

IT'S IMPORTANT TO ESTABLISH YOUR PRESENCE EARLY ON.

Cactus Bar

KISS ME, CARESS ME, OH, BABY UNDRESS ME!

WALK IT THIS WAY, BABY!

SEEK OUT INFORMATION FROM A LOCAL RESIDENT.

DO YOU OWN THIS RAT HOLE?

CHECK IT OUT.

ONCE INFORMATION IS GATHERED, DECLARE YOUR INTENTIONS.

YEAH, I OWN THIS PLACE. WHAT'S IT TO YOU, BABE?

REAL SIMPLE, BUTTWIPE. YOU'VE BEEN USING THIS PILE OF CRAP TO SELL HEMO.

I'M CLOSING YOU DOWN.

PRODUCE YOUR CREDENTIALS AND IDENTIFY YOURSELF.

MARSHAL EARP, U.S. MARSHAL CORPS.

EVERYBODY ASSUME THE POSITION.

BE PREPARED FOR RESISTANCE.

HMPH! I'VE GOT A POSITION YOU CAN ASSUME!

WHUNKK!

ASSERT YOUR AUTHORITY IF NECESSARY.

NOT TODAY.

UGHHH!

REPEAT IF NEEDED.

CRUACK!

APPLY A SHOW OF ORDINANCE IF NEED BE.

I'VE GOT A VERY GENEROUS UNCLE BY THE NAME OF SAM. HE GIVES ME ALL THE FREE .45 SLUGS I COULD WANT.

GIVE A REASON AND I'LL PASS PLENTY OF 'EM AROUND.

TAKE COMMAND OF THE SITUATION AND SEIZE THE ATTENTION OF THE PERPETRATORS.

AND THE BOYS HERE WILL PICK UP THE SLACK.

KAALICK!

KER-CHACCCK!

KERCHAACK!

KAAICCKK!

KEEP MOVIN' BOYS. THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL OF YOU.

THIS AINT OVER, LADY LAW. OL' BOBO AINT GONNA LIKE THIS.

BUT HE WILL LIKE THAT PRETTY LITTLE NECK OF YOURS. HEHEHEEHHEH!

PAY HIM NO MIND, MARSHAL. ALL THE LOCAL SLUGS TRY AND MAKE DEL REY OUT TO BE SOME KINDA MONSTER. GOOD FOR HIS REP.

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE PERPS, AGENT.

THEY'RE ALL MONSTERS.

SAN DIABLO TRAILER PARK.

THE HEMO LAB.

I LOVE THIS EPISODE.

OTIS IS THE MAN! HE'S A GOD! THE KING OF MAYBERRY!

AIN'T THAT THE SAME STILL THEY USED ON THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES?

NO, YA MORON. THAT WAS ON THE DUKES OF HAZZARD.

IT'S ERNEST T. FRIGGIN' BASS!

ALL RIGHT...

IT'S ME! IT'S ME! IT'S ERNEST T.!!

YEEEESSSSS!

A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

THOSE BUG-EATERS ARE HAVIN' A REAL PARTY IN THERE, DOUG.

WELL, LITTLE BROTHER, SOON ENOUGH WE'RE GOING TO SCHOOL THEM ON CROSSIN' ON FAMILY.

IT'LL BE OUR TIME TO HOWL.

DOUG, CHECK IT OUT!

I SEE HIM. ONE OF THE FLYING GUANOS COMING HOME FOR THE PARTY. HMMM... LOOKS TO BE IN A HURRY.

DEL REY

FLUQUISHH!

MMM, MISS CRUMP, WHAT A BABE!

BOBO, SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE SHOW, BUT I GOTTA TALK TO YA.

HISS, IT BETTER BE GOOD, BILLY. I DON'T LIKE MISSIN' THE CLOSIN' CREDITS.

X RAY

I JUST CAME FROM TOWN. SEEMS THE SPOOKS FROM D.C. HAVE SENT IN A U.S. MARSHAL.

SEEMS TO CARRY MAJOR WEIGHT WITH THE FEDS AND THE STATE BOYS. AND...

UH, SHE WAS ASKIN' A BUNCH OF QUESTIONS ABOUT YOU, BOBO. HARD ONES.

SHE??

OH, YEAH, BOBO. SHE'S A REAL LOOKER. STACKED AND PACKED.

THING IS, I COULDN'T SMELL NO FEAR ON HER. SHE TOOK THE WHOLE CACTUS BAR DOWN HERSELF. FEDS CAME TO BACK HER, BUT SHE DIDN'T NEED EM'.

HEH! YA DID GOOD, BILLY-BOY.

GOT A LITTLE JOB FOR YA.

"TAKE A COUPLE OF THE BOYS AND FETCH HER TO ME."

"I WANT HER ALIVE."

CLICK!

WHIIT!

YA OUGHT NOT TO KEEP OL' BUD AND THE BOYS WAITIN' SO LONG, SWEETS.

WE GET ALL ANTSY.

MMGPPHH!

SINCE YOU IS ALL FIRED UP TO MEET BOBO, WE'RE GONNA OBLIGE YA. HEH, HEH! HE'S GONNA LIKE YOU--A LOT!

WHUMMMP!

WHAAACK!

UGHH!

YEEOOW!

STINKIN' SLUT!

HISSSSSSS!

SQUISSH!

AARRGGHHH!

IT'S OVER.

IT'S DONE.

YOU'RE YESTERDAY'S MASHED POTATOES.

SCHLIIT!

WHISSSHUUMP

WHYSSHHH!

NEXT TIME-- KNOCK.

HISSSS, I DON'T LIKE IT.

NOPE. NOT AT ALL.

BOBO, HONEY WHAT CHA' DOIN' OUT HERE? THE PARTY IS GETTIN' GOOD INSIDE.

BILLY AND THE BOYS SHOULD'VE BEEN BACK BY NOW, TAMMY FAY.

MAYBE THEY DECIDED TO PARTY WITH THE LADY MARSHAL FIRST, BOBO. YOU KNOW HOW HORNY OL' BILLY GETS.

NOPE. BILLY MAY BE A REAL HORN-DOG, BUT HE AINT STUPID.

I TOLD HIM TO COME BACK MUY PRONTO. THE BOY WOULDN'T CROSS ME.

SNIFF! I DON'T LIKE WHAT I'M SMELLIN'. IT AINT GOOD.

TELL LUTHER TO HAUL HIMSELF AND THE PUDDIN' BOYS OUT FOR A LITTLE SCOUTIN' PARTY.

I DON'T SMELL ENOUGH BLOOD IN THE AIR.

AUSTIN-T, I AM MOUNTING UP FOR A LOOK SEE AT THE SAN DIABLO TRAILER PARK.

DEL REY SENT SOME GOONS IN TO BAG AND TAG ME AT THE HOTEL. I HAD TO JUNK THEM.

GOT THAT MARSHAL, BUT DO REMEMBER, YOU ARE TO GET PHOTO TABS ON THIS BUNCH. DO NOT ENGAGE WITHOUT AGENT TURLEY AND THE REST OF THE FEDS.

NOTED, AUSTIN-T. I AM PACKED WITH REGULATION AND SOME SPECIAL OPS EQUIPMENT IN CASE.

THIS GROUP HAS ALREADY PROVEN TO BE OUT OF STANDARD PARAMETER.

I UNDER-STAND, MARSHAL EARP.

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED. NOT YOUR SKIN.

LUTHER, YOU FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO BILLY AND THE OTHERS.

PUDDIN' BOYS, KEEP YOUR EYES OUT FOR THIS LADY MARSHAL. BRING HER TO ME. DON'T MESS HER UP ANY MORE THAN YA HAVE TO.

I GOT SOME DOWN HOME FUN PLANNED FOR HER.

NOT TO CUT OUT ALL YOUR FUN, IF SHE IS RIDIN' WITH HELP, HAVE YOURSELF A FEAST. HEEEEHAAHHH!

HMMM, NOT FAR OFF. LOOKS LIKE A BLUFF JUST ABOVE THE PLACE. GOOD SPOT FOR PHOTO SET UP.

HEAR SOMETHING, GIRL?

HHRRFFFF!

HHRRFFFF!

BLAAAMMM!

BLEEEAAAA!

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AWW, GREAT!

UHH!

NOT SO FAST, SWEETIE!

OOOWEEEE! LOOKEE WHAT WE GOT HERE, BOYS!

MMMM, LOOKS GOOD AND TASTY, LUTHER.

FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD, TYRONE.

IT'S OBVIOUS YOU ALL AREN'T THE VAMPIRE THINK TANK.

WATCH YOUR MOUTH, LADY LAW. YOU IS REAL LUCKY BOBO WANTS YOU ALIVE.

OTHERWISE I'D DRAIN YOUR PRETTY NECK RIGHT HERE.

UHH!

SOME BIG TIME U.S. MARSHAL! GRAB HER AND LET'S GET BACK TO THE PARK.

THEN WE'LL HAVE SOME REAL FUN.

OH YEAH!

SNIFF! SNIFF!

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? DON'T LIKE IT.

GGGRRRRRR!

SHUUUUMP!

AAAAGHHH!

SHUUUMP!

GRRRRRR!

WHUMP!

THUUOOMP!

AAGHH!

AT LAST!

GET OFFA MY BROTHER, YA DOG!

RRROOWLLL!

DON'T DISTURB DOUG WHEN HE'S KILLIN', BAT-TRASH!

UUUYYEERRKK!

IT TENDS TO PISS HIM OFF!

UUAAAGHHH!

SHUUUUNK!

TIME FOR A FIELD TEST.

STAKE-O-MATIC

HARH! YA THINK SOME FANCY LITTLE BARBIE-GUN IS GONNA HURT OL' LUTHER?

I'VE GOT THE REAL POWER, BABY!

BORN TO BINGO

THE ONLY THING THAT YOU'VE GOT IS DIARRHEA OF THE MOUTH...

SHIIIIIP!

SHHHHHIPP!

SHHHHHIIIPP!!

SHIIIIIP!

...AND A CHEST FULL OF LEAD.

YYEEEAAARRGGHHHHRRRR!

BOBO, WHAT IS IT?

WHAT'S UP, BOSS MAN?

NO...NO!

I FELT IT. LUTHER, THE PUDDIN' BOYS...GONE.

DEATH-STRIKES.

THE AIR CARRIES THEIR DEATH.

AND THE SCENT OF THEIR KILLERS.

I SMELL HER... AND OTHERS. SHE AIN'T ALONE.

I WANT THIS WITCH.

I WANT HER REAL BAD!

GRRRRRRRR...

CLICK!

BITE ME

ONE...

TWO...

GRRRRRR...

GRRRRRRR...

THREE.

NOW WHAT?

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LOOKS LIKE A SILVER BULLET STAND-OFF, FELLAS.

THAT IT DOES, MARSHAL.

YOU'RE THE LAW, RIGHT?

YUP. YOU CALLED IT. U.S. MARSHAL. SPECIAL OPS.

YOU'RE WANTIN' TO SHUT DOWN DEL REY AND HIS VOODOO BOYS, RIGHT?

RIGHT AGAIN.

UH, EXCUSE ME, DON'T WE HAVE THIS THE OTHER WAY AROUND?

I'M THE LAW. I'VE GOT THE GUNS. SHOULDN'T I BE ASKING THE QUESTIONS?

WELL, THAT WOULD BE ONLY FAIR, MARSHAL. YOU'VE BEEN KIND ENOUGH TO ANSWER OURS.

WYNONNA EARP

DEATH SUCKS

THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS ANSWER YOURS.

THIS CONVERSATION IS STARTING TO TAKE ON A REAL "WARM AND FUZZY" KINDA FEELING, BOYS. NO PUN INTENDED.

WHAT DO YOU SAY YOU FILL ME IN ON YOUR STORY?

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FAIR ENOUGH.

KENNY, LET'S SCALE DOWN TO NORM FOR THE MARSHAL.

YOU GOT IT, DOUG.

YOU CAN SKIP THE PART ABOUT BEING WEREWOLVES. I KINDA PICKED UP ON THAT.

THE TRUTH IS WE'RE ALSO THE LAW, MARSHAL. BUT, WE DON'T WORK FOR UNCLE SAM. WE'RE BOUNTY HUNTERS. REGISTERED AND CERTIFIED. ALL LEGAL-LIKE.

ESPECIALLY DEL REY AND HIS FAMILY. BEEN AFTER THEM FOR CLOSE TO TWO MONTHS NOW.

WERE WE THAT OBVIOUS?

WE PICK UP SKIPS TO TAKE CARE OF EXPENSES. BUT MOSTLY IT'S THE BLOOD BAGS WE'RE AFTER.

THEY KILLED OFF FIVE FROM OUR CHAPTER SIX MONTHS AGO. AMBUSHED. SKINNED 'EM FOR SEAT COVERS.

FOR THAT--THEY GOTTA PAY.

WELL, MARSHAL...

EARP.

AS IN...

YUP.

COOL.

YOU MENTIONED YOUR CHAPTER. WOULDN'T BE LUPUS-CHAPTER 13 WOULD IT?

YEAH, YOU HEARD OF US?

YUP. YOUR SHEET IS CLEAN. IN FACT I REMEMBER READING WHERE YOU ALL HAVE HELPED OUT AGAINST THE VAMPIRE NATION ON OCCASION.

IS THIS A PART OF THAT DEAL?

NOPE. DEL REY'S GROUP HATES THE BLOOD QUEEN AND HER TICKS AS MUCH AS WE DO.

BOBO AND HIS CREW ARE RENEGADES. REAL TRASH. THEY THRIVE ON SUN.

THEY GET OFF ON FLAUNTIN' THEIR TAN TO THE VAMPIRE NATION.

WE WERE GETTIN' READY TO RAIN DOWN ON 'EM WHEN THEY TRIED TO PUT THE GRAB ON YOU.

SOUNDS LIKE OUR PATHS WERE HEADED IN THE SAME DIRECTION--DOUG--RIGHT?

YEAH. AND THIS IS MY LITTLE BROTHER, KENNY.

PLEASURE'S MINE, MARSHAL.

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SINCE YOU BOYS ALREADY HAVE YOUR PAPERS, I SEE NO REASON WHY WE CAN'T MAKE THIS A PARTY.

YOU DON'T MIND SHARIN' YOUR RIDE WITH THE LAW DO YOU?

NOPE. SOUNDS LIKE A WINNER TO ME.

ONLY ONE CONDITION, MARSHAL.

WHAT'S THAT, KENNY?

I'VE SEEN YOUR MOVES, MARSHAL EARP.

YOU GOTTA PROMISE TO LEAVE A COUPLE OF THEM BATS FOR US.

KERR-CHAACKK!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, KENNY.

YOU WATCH MY BACK.

AND I'LL WATCH YOURS.

RIDIN' 'EM HARD AND PUTTIN' UP WET AIN'T YA, BOBO?

BLOOD BANK

GOTTA, CHUCKIE.

GOT A U.S. MARSHAL AND THE FEDS GETTIN' READY TO CRAWL UP OUR BUTTS WITH TOOTHPICKS.

I'VE GOTTA GET ALL THE HEMO AND EQUIPMENT MOVED ACROSS THE BORDER TO OUR OTHER STATION.

THEN I'M GONNA HAVE SOME FUN WITH THIS LADY MARSHAL. SHE'S DONE CROSSED OL' BOBO THE WRONG WAY.

AND THAT AIN'T GOOD.

AAAALRIGHT! YEAH! YEAH!

GET THIS STUFF ON ITS WAY OVER THE BORDER.

THEN EVERYBODY MEET ME AT THE POINT. BEFORE WE GO SOUTH, WE'LL TAKE DOWN SAN DIABLO. MAKE OUR MARK. TAKE WHAT WE WANT AND BURN OR KILL THE REST!

JUST REMEMBER-- THE MARSHAL IS MINE!

DAY'S BREAKIN' WE BETTER GET A MOVE ON.

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. I BETTER CALL THE REST OF THE FED SQUAD AND LET THEM KNOW WE'RE GOING IN.

WHOOA! HOLD ON.

MARSHAL. DOUG. I THINK WE'VE GOT TROUBLE.

THEY'VE BEEN MOVIN' TRANSPORTS OUT WITH EQUIP-MENT. THEY'RE HEADIN' SOUTH TOWARDS MEXICO.

I DON'T LIKE IT. THE REST ARE WEARING THEIR BLOOD-SUCKING SUNDAY BEST AND STARTING TO GATHER.

LOOKS LIKE A WAR PARTY TO ME.

DOIN' A TULSA SPLIT ON US. DON'T LIKE IT.

THEY'RE HEADIN' TOWARDS TOWN.

I BETTER GIVE THE OFFICE A CALL ON THIS.

AUSTIN-T, EARP HERE. WE'VE GOT SOME MOBILES IN SNACK TRUCK GUISE HEADING SOUTH. LOOKS TO BE LOADED WITH HEMO.

HAVE SOME BLOCKERS READY. I'VE GOT A WAR PARTY TO ATTEND IN SAN DIABLO WITH THE MAIN PERPS. SEND BACK-UP ASAP.

READY TO RIDE, MARSHAL?

UH, HUH.

LET'S GO.

SAN DIABLO.

WHA...

WHOOSH! WHOOSH!

THE TOWN THAT CARRIES THE NAME OF THE DEVIL.

AAAA AGHHHH!

THE REASON IS ABOUT TO BECOME OBVIOUS.

VERY OBVIOUS.

HELL ON EARTH...

WITH A HILLBILLY TWANG.

PETS

Jane's Pub

STOP

BEAST

YA DON'T MESS WITH EL INMORTALAIDAD!

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TEAR THIS RAT HOLE DOWN. LET 'EM ALL KNOW THAT WE PARTIED HERE!

HAAAAA HAARRHAAAHHH!

CHUG IT! CHUG IT! CHUG IT!

MMSUCK MMSUCK MMSUCK!

CHUG, ERNIE, CHUG IT!

SHHOOOOMP!

OH....

HUH??

YOUR TABLE MANNERS SUCK, ERNIE.

SHAAACK!

YAACKK!

SHUUMP!

SHUUMP!

ANYBODY WANNA HUM THE THEME SONG TO *BONANZA*?

HEH, HEH!
MAYOR, I JUST LOVE YOUR LITTLE TOWN.
IT'S JUST SO DAMN FRIENDLY!
NO... PLEASE... NO!
BOBO!
WHAT IS IT, FANNY? CAN'T YA SEE THE MAYOR IS GIVIN' ME THE KEY TO THE FREAKIN' CITY?
THERE'S SOMETHIN' YOU NEED TO CHECK OUT.
WELL...
SLAP MY FACE AND CALL ME DADDY!
KERAACK!
THE NAME'S EARP.
MARSHAL EARP.

WELL, WELL, WELL! AT LAST.

THE LONG LEGS OF THE LAW!

YOU MUST BE DEL REY.

THE HINE-ASS OF HAYSEEDS.

NO!

KERCHAACK!

SHUUUMP! SHUUUMP! SHUUUMP!

NO-- NOT BOBO YEEAAAGGH!

I'M GONNA HURT YOU LONG AND HARD, MARSHAL!

SHTING

SHTING

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YOU WON'T BE NEEDIN' THAT PEA-SHOOTER, SWEETS!

WHAAACK!

COME ON, MARSHAL--LET'S RASSLE!

THAAACK!

FRAACK!

BRACK!

HMMMM . . .

FOREPLAY.

HISSS, YOU AIN'T STOPPIN' ME. YOU AIN'T STOPPIN' THE HEMO SHIPMENT.

ONLY THING STOPPIN' IS GONNA BE YOUR BREATHIN'!

WHAAAACK!

UGHHH!

MEANWHILE...

RRRIIIIPP!

YOU'RE GROUNDED, RODENT!

AAAACCCKKK!

RAAGH!

YOU'RE BITIN' OFF A LITTLE MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW, HICK!

WHAAAP!

HERE, TAKE SOME OF THESE E-VAP BOMBS. THEY'LL SUCK THE PLASMA RIGHT OUTTA THESE CREEPS.

SWEET!

SUCK OR DUCK, BOYS!

AAAHH

GHH-HHAAA!

BLAAAFISSSSS!

FLIIQUISSHHH!

WE BETTER SEE IF THE MARSHAL NEEDS A HAND--OR AT LEAST A COUPLE OF ROUNDS.

ASHES TO ASHES...

CRAP TO CRAP.

DON'T WORRY, LEGS. I AIN'T GONNA SLAP ALL THE BLOOD OUT OF YA.

I'LL SUCK THE REST OUT MYSELF!

SLAAAP!

WUAGHH!

WAACK!

BLOOP!

YA FREAKIN' WITCH! YA BLOWED UP MY ARM!

COME A LITTLE CLOSER AND I'LL DO YOUR FACE THE FAVOR.

YOU'VE REALLY PISSED ME OFF, NOW!

YA THINK?

YYEARGHH!

KEEP SWINGIN', STUMPY!

SLAAASH!

WHIIIFFF!

THE BORDER BETWEEN THE U.S. AND MEXICO.

THE RIO GRANDE.

HEY STEVE, WHERE THE HELL IS PEDRO AND THE BOATS?

THE LITTLE BEANER IS PROBABLY SLEEPIN' OFF A BOTTLE OF THUNDERBIRD, FLINT.

MR STINKYS

BOBO AIN'T GONNA LIKE HIM BEIN' LATE.

DEL REY WVZ HERE

THREE LITTLE PIGS IN SIGHT, AUSTIN-T.

WE ARE AWAITING RED LIGHT FOR BIG BAD WOLF.

IGNITE E-VAP.

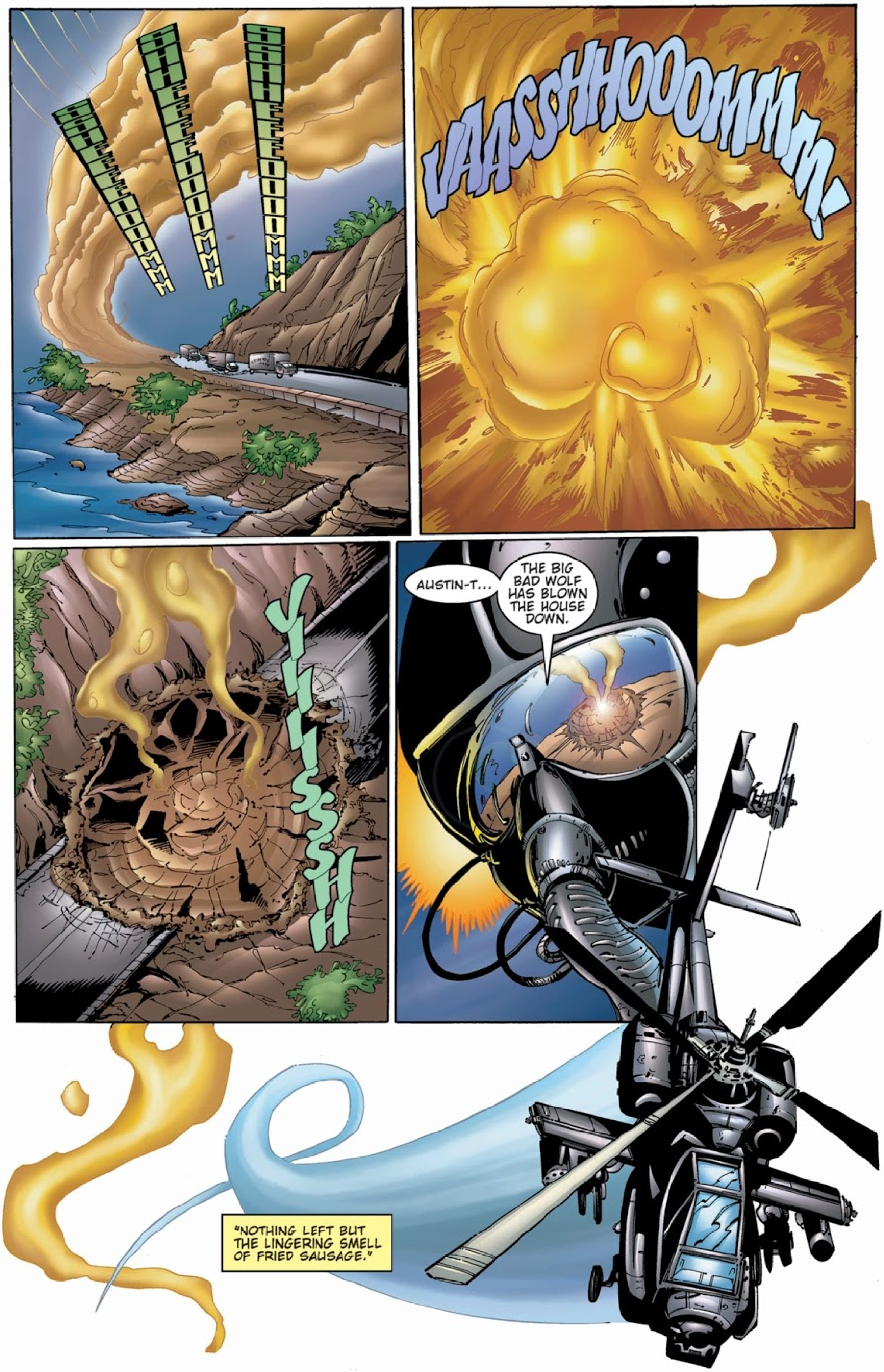
LET THE BIG BAD WOLF START HUFFIN' AND PUFFIN'.

0. TARGET.

ROGER THAT, AUSTIN-T.

FIRE

CLICK!



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I WISH YOU HAD A HEART I COULD CUT OUT, FREAK-SHOW!

SHUUMP!

AAARGGHH!

AARRR... SLUT!

WAAAACK!

UGHH!

HEAR ME, GREAT ERNESTOTISS OF EL INMORTALAIDAD.

TRANSFORM YOUR POWER TO ME. USE ME AS YOUR VESSEL OF EARTHLY DESTRUCTION SO THAT I MAY DESTROY OUR ENEMIES!

AW, GREAT!

HISSSS, I SENSE NO FEAR UPON YOUR FLESH, MY BEAUTY.

VERY WELL, I SHALL TEACH YOU THE MEANING OF FEAR!

FRAPP!

FRAPP!

FRAPP!

FRAPP!

FRAPP!

WHAT IS THIS?

DANGEROUS MINDS WITH SATAN?

NOOOAAAAGHHH!

CHAAACK!

HIS VOCABULARY HAS IMPROVED. CAN'T SAY MUCH FOR HIS LOOKS, KENNY.

CHAAACK!

CHAAACK!

UGLY GOES ALL THE WAY TO BONE, DOUG.

IT'S ABOUT TO GET UGLIER, BOYS. HOLD YOUR FIRE.

I'M GOING IN.

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE BASICS.

UURAAAGH!

I SEE YOU'RE SPORTIN' SOME WOOD, BOBO.

LOOKS LIKE YOU COULD USE A LITTLE SOMETHING TO WASH ALL THAT HURT DOWN.

DRINK UP, COUNT UGULA!

SPLASH!

MMGHH!

AAAHH... PLASMA!

NO... NO! THE... BLOOD!

IT'S-- TAINTED!

TAINTED, BOBO? NAWW.

I JUST ADDED A LITTLE WATER.

HOLY WATER.

JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES.

YYEEEEEAAAAGHH!

THIS TOWN IS FINISHED, MARSHAL. THE LAB TRACK IS COMING IN TO E-VAP THE ENTIRE AREA.

WON'T BE NOTHING LEFT BUT CACTUS AND SAND.

UNDERSTOOD. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO BAT CRAP LEFT.

OR HEMO.

BUT DON'T WORRY, AGENT.

THE SICKOS OF THE WORLD WILL ALWAYS FIND A NEW NASTY VEIN TO RUN THEIR TRASH THROUGH.

AND WE'LL BE THERE TO STOP 'EM.

HELLO BOYS.

I HAVE TO SAY I OWE YOU ALL ONE. YOU WERE A MAJOR HELP.

I'D SAY WE WERE EVEN, MARSHAL.

BESIDES, SINCE WHEN DO FRIENDS KEEP SCORE?

FRIENDS?

I LIKE THAT.

TELL YA WHAT MARSHAL, IF YA EVER NEED HELP WITH A "HAIRY" SITUATION--GIVE US A CALL.

HMMMM, I MIGHT JUST TAKE YOU UP ON THAT, DOUG.

"ADIOS, BOYS. TAKE CARE OF YOURSELVES.

"IT CAN BE A WEIRD WORLD SOMETIMES.

"VERY WEIRD."

BOBO DEL REY

END.

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REFRIED DEAD

WYNONNA EARP

REFRIED DEAD

THE FORMER SOVIET UNION. MOSCOW.

HOME OF ANDREI KOSYGIN, THE LEADER OF THE NEW RUSSIAN ORGANIZED CRIME FAMILY.

THE HARSH RUSSIAN WINTER COATS THE LANDSCAPE WITH A BLANKET OF SILENCE.

UGGGHH!

YEEAGH!

AND TONIGHT--WITH A BLANKET OF DEATH.

KOSYGIN HAS ENJOYED THE POWER OF HIS THRIVING EMPIRE OF CRIME.

THE BREAKUP OF HIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN GOOD FOR BUSINESS.

AACKKKK!

THE SOUND OF HIS THROAT BEING CRUSHED IS NOT GOOD.

NOT GOOD AT ALL.

UHH-ANDREI??

AACCGHH!

CRAAASHH!

THE FIRST SACRIFICE HAS BEEN MADE.

THE CIRCLE'S JOURNEY HAS BEGUN.

TONIGHT THE HUNGER HAS BEEN FED.

BUT MORE DEATH MUST BE DEVOURED BEFORE THE ARRIVAL.

THEN CHAOS SHALL RULE!

IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS- THE HEADS OF THE GLOBAL CRIME FAMILIES FALL TO WHAT CAN ONLY BE CALLED...

STRANGE EXECUTIONS.

CORLEONE, SICILY.

MEDELLIN, COLUMBIA.

OSAKA, JAPAN.

THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

ALL WITH AN EVEN STRANGER SIGN--IN THE VICTIM'S OWN BLOOD.

THE MASS KILLINGS OF THE GLOBAL CRIME LEADERS HAS CAUSED THE REMAINING FACTIONS TO CALL FOR A UNITED MEETING.

FROM AN UNHOLY ACT OF DEATH COMES AN UNHOLY ALLIANCE.

IN NEW YORK CITY.

SOME TIME HAS PASSED SINCE MARSHAL EARP HAS WALKED THE STREETS OF MANHATTAN.

BUT WHERE THERE'S CRIME, YOU MAKE THE TIME.

GEEZ, IAN, CHECK IT OUT! SHE'S...

AS BEAUTIFUL AS...GILLIAN ANDERSON!

I'M LOOKING FOR A COPY OF AN OLD CHARLTON COMIC...

THE *ADVENTURES OF WYATT EARP.* YOU GOT IT?

YES WE DO. IT'S ON THE SECOND FLOOR. THE FOUR FOR A DOLLAR SECTION.

UH, LIKE EXCUSE ME. DO YOU LIKE COMICS?

NAWW, NOT REALLY.

I JUST DIG THE KINDA GUYS THAT READ COMICS.

COOOOOL!

WHAT DID SHE SAY, IAN? WHAT'D SHE SAY?

WAIT'LL I TELL THE GUYS ON THE INTERNET ABOUT THIS.

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FRAGILE

CLICK!

JUST LIKE THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.

SHUMM

WELL, WELL, BEEN A LONG TIME, WYNONNA. GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK IN THE BIG ROTTEN APPLE.

THANKS, DON. I JUST WISH IT WAS MORE OF A SOCIAL VISIT.

EVERY TIME I'VE BEEN HERE IT'S BEEN TRICK OR TREAT WITHOUT THE CANDY.

WELL, THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY DIFFERENT I'M AFRAID.

MAYBE WORSE.

YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO DRESS IT UP, DON'T YA, BUTLER.

TAP TAP TAP

HAVE A SEAT AND I'LL GIVE YOU A RUN DOWN ON THE STORM THAT'S BREWING.

DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD DEAD

ASSAILANT SOURCE: UNKNOWN

IN THE LAST FIVE MONTHS A MAJORITY OF THE GLOBAL CRIME FAMILY LEADERS HAVE BEEN EXECUTED IN A SERIAL FORMAT.

THIS IS THE SYMBOL LEFT ON OR AROUND EVERY VICTIM-- IN THEIR OWN BLOOD.

ANY LEAD ON ITS ORIGIN?

WE'VE FED IT THROUGH ALL KNOWN CULTS, SECRET ARMIES, MILITIAS, AND THE LIKE. NO POSITIVE CONFIRMATIONS.

I'VE DOWNLOADED ALL THE DATA INTO THIS LAP TOP.

PARDON THE PUN, BUT THAT'S JUST THE TIP OF THE PYRAMID.

OH?

THEN WE RAN IT THROUGH THE GLOBAL ARCHIVES.

IT CAME UP THERE.

ANCIENT-- AND EGYPTIAN.

WITH ALL OF THESE ASSASSINATIONS, THE GLOBAL CRIME FAMILIES HAVE DECIDED TO ARRANGE A LITTLE GET-TOGETHER.

RIGHT HERE IN NEW YORK.

I'M SURE YOU'LL BE ABLE TO CUT THE TENSION WITH A VERY DULL KNIFE.

THE HOST OF THIS SHINDIG IS DON VITO MASSERIA.

THEY MUST BE NERVOUS IF THEY'RE LETTING MASSERIA CATER THE PARTY.

COME TO THINK OF IT, OL' VITO MUST HAVE HIS SHORTS IN A WAD TO ENTERTAIN AN ALLIANCE WITH THE FOREIGN BOYS.

TO SAY THE LEAST.

DON, THIS SOUNDS PRETTY MUCH LIKE A JOB FOR THE BUREAU REGULARS. HOW DOES MARSHAL SPECIAL OPS FIT IN?

BEFORE HE DIED, ONE OF KOSYGIN'S GUARDS SAID HE SAW WHAT KILLED HIS BOSS.

UH HUH?

HE SAID IT WAS A GIANT THAT KILLED KOSYGIN.

A DEAD GIANT.

TOO BAD GHOST-BUSTERS WAS JUST A MOVIE, BUTLER.

YOU HAD TO CALL ME.

THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN MUSEUM.

DEATH RIDES IN A RENTED TRUCK.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

LOAD IT IN. BE QUICK ABOUT IT.

YES SIR. AT ONCE.

CLANK!

VVRRRRRR

BE CAREFUL. YOU MUST RELEASE THE PRESSURE AT THE CORRECT INCREMENTS.

MR. TASHIR, SIR. I AM HUMBLED BEFORE YOU.

YES, YES, YOUSSEF. AHH, I SEE THE ARRIVAL IS SECURE.

FSSSS

YES, SIR. ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

HE IS THE ENFORCER OF THE GREAT GODDESS TIMAT-MOTHER OF CHAOS.
HE WILL LAY THE PATH FOR HER RETURN TO EARTHLY SUPREMACY.
HE IS...
RADUK-EATER OF THE DEAD!

THE INNER OFFICE OF DON VITO MASSERIA--THE BOSS OF BOSSES FOR THE ITALIAN MAFIA.

AS YOU ALL KNOW, WE HAVE SUFFERED A GREAT LOSS WITH THE DEATH OF DON DRAGNA IN SICILY. HIS KILLER IS STILL UNKNOWN.

THIS UPSETS ME GREATLY. I WANT THIS PERSON FOUND AND MADE TO DIE VERY SLOWLY OVER THE COURSE OF MANY DAYS.

DON VITO, I REALIZE THAT THE COLOMBIANS, RUSSIANS, AND OTHERS HAVE ALL LOST THEIR HEAD GUYS, BUT I STILL THINK THAT IT'S ONE OF THEM THAT HAS SET THIS KILL SPREE IN MOTION.

EVEN IF THEY HAD TO SACRIFICE ONE OF THEIR OWN. THEY'RE ALL CRAZY IN THE HEAD. THEY DON'T THINK LIKE US.

CRAZY, YES. BUT HEAR ME, FRANK. EACH OF THEIR LOSSES HAS COST THEM MORE THAN THEY COULD AFFORD. THEY CANNOT DEAL WITH THE CHAOS THIS HAS CAUSED THEIR ORGANI-ZATIONS.

CHAOS ENOUGH TO BRING THEM TO ME WITH TALK OF AN ALLIANCE TO FIND OUR COMMON KILLER.

BUT I AM NOT A FOOL. I HAVE ENLISTED, OR SHOULD I SAY PURCHASED, SOMETHING THAT WILL KEEP OUR NEW-FOUND ALLIES UNDER A WATCHFUL EYE.

VINNIE, BRING HIM IN.

YES, DON VITO.

HIS LOYALTY I HAVE BECAUSE HE IS FAMILY.

HIS TRUST I HAVE BECAUSE I HAVE BOUGHT IT.

GENTLEMEN, OUR WATCH-DOG...

NICHOLAS DEFERRO.

GOOD TO SEE YOU GUYS AGAIN.

AND THANKS FOR THE JOB, UNCLE VITO.

LITTLE CAIRO. THIS IS JUST A PART OF WHAT MAKES NEW YORK CITY WHAT IT IS.

GANG

...JUST BY WALKING ACROSS A STREET.

MY BADGE IS MY PASSPORT.

WHERE ELSE CAN YOU HAVE SMALL INDIVIDUAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES OF ONE BIG CITY.

I LOVE TRAVELIN' ABROAD...

IS THERE SOMETHING I CAN HELP YOU WITH?

UH, HUH.

I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS.

THIS IS A PRIVATE CLUB. AND WE HAVE RULES ABOUT WOMEN HERE.

OH-- YOU DO?

YES. THEY ARE NOT ALLOWED.

SEE THIS BADGE? IT GOES BEYOND GENDER.

WHEN YOU SEE THIS, YOU SEE THE LAW. U.S. MARSHAL TO BE EXACT. I'M HERE TO SEE A MAN NAMED AMIR TASHIR. I HEAR HE OWNS THIS PLACE.

I SEE NO LAW. I SEE NO BADGE.

I ONLY SEE LOUD WOMAN BROKEN IN MANY LITTLE PIECES.

IS THAT A FACT?

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK.

SLAAAPP!

UUGHH!

I TAKE IT YOU'RE SEEIN' A BUNCH OF STARS NOW, SPORT.

TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND TASHIR OR YOU'RE GONNA SEE THE WHOLE DAMN MILKY WAY.

UHH- I-IUHH...

THERE IS NO NEED TO PUNISH POOR AHMAD ANY MORE FOR HIS OVER PROTECTIVE NATURE... MARSHAL.

I AM AMIR TASHIR.

AT YOUR SERVICE.

I'M FEDERAL MARSHAL EARP, WYNONNA EARP.

I UNDER-STAND THAT YOU ARE THE FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SYMBOLS AND RELIGION.

I AM HUMBLED BY YOUR FLATTERING COMMENTS, MARSHAL EARP.

AND YES. I AM A STUDENT OF THE ARTS.

HOW MAY I--SERVICE YOU, MARSHAL?

I'M WORKING ON A CASE THAT NEEDS AN EXPERT'S TOUCH. I KNOW THAT YOU ARE ALSO THE MAIN BENEFACTOR FOR THE EGYPTIAN INTERNATIONAL MUSEUM.

THE DUAT... TIMAT?

THE DUAT IS MERELY A FALSE-HOOD. THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS AN EGYPTIAN CRIME FAMILY, OR UNDERWORLD AS THE WORD TRULY MEANS. THESE ARE LIES MANU-FACTURED BY THOSE THAT TRANSGRESS OUR FAITH.

AND TIMAT... SHE IS A GREAT PART OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY. I WOULD BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO SHOW YOU THE EX-HIBIT ON HER LEGACY.

HERE IS THE ADDRESS. I WILL BE MORE THAN HAPPY TO GIVE YOU A PERSONAL TOUR. MY LIMO WILL RETRIEVE YOU.

SHALL WE SAY TOMORROW NIGHT AT 11:00 PM?

IT'S A DATE, MR. TASHIR.

PLEASE, CALL ME AMIR.

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU WOULD SHOW ME A FEW THINGS THERE AND GIVE ME SOME INTER-PRETATIONS OF CERTAIN ITEMS--SUCH AS...

THE DUAT...

AND THE EGYPTIAN GODDESS, TIMAT.

SIR, DO YOU THINK IT WISE TO LET HER SO CLOSE TO THE HEART OF TIMAT?

SHE IS THE LAW HERE.

WORRY NOT, BURBA. SHE FITS INTO MY PLANS VERY WELL.

BUTLER, I'VE MADE CONTACT AND HAVE A PERSONAL INVITE FROM THE HEAD FEZ HIMSELF.

I'LL BE WALKIN' LIKE AN EGYPTIAN BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.

MEANWHILE...

UNCLE VITO, LOOKS LIKE THE LAW HAS JUST DONE OUR LEG WORK FOR US.

AND A GREAT PAIR OF LEGS IT IS.

HMM...BEEN A LONG TIME, WYNONNA.

HOPE YOU'RE NOT STILL MAD AT ME.

I WANT MASSERIA TAKEN TONIGHT. EVERYTHING MUST BE IN PLACE FOR TOMORROW NIGHT'S CEREMONY.

PREPARE RADUK. SEE THAT ALL IS READY.

THE PREDICTION OF THE VISION HAS BECOME REALITY.

THE VESSEL FOR TIMAT HAS COME.

10:59 PM

THE NEXT NIGHT.

BUTLER, ONE OF HIS SAND STOOGES IS HERE TO PICK ME UP.

I'LL BE RUNNIN' SILENT FROM HERE ON OUT.

THANKS, SPORT.

WE WILL DEPART NOW.

SO...ARE YOU TWINS?

PASTA NIGHT.

THE BEST ITALIAN MEAL IN TOWN.

FOR VITO MASSERIA-- POSSIBLY HIS LAST.

FRANKIE, TELL SAL TO DRIVE BY THE OFFICE ON THE WAY.

SURE THING, BOSS.

YEEAAAGHH! WUAGHHH!

IT'S THEM! THEY'RE AFTER ME!

BUDDA BUDDAAA!

BOSS! GET DOWN!

GET IN THE CAR, BOSS!

LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

BUDDA BUDDAAA!

BIAAAAM! BIAAAAM!

GET-YUURRRKK!

NO...

RRRRRRR!

CREEAAK!

K!

RRRUUUMMM!

I'M GONNA RUN YOU DOWN, FREAK!

RRRRRRRR...

WRUNCKK!

MMMRRR!

KREAAACH!

MERCEDES BENZ

MERCEDES

CRRAANCKK!

MMRRGRRR!

OHNOOHNO OHNO!

NO! LEMME GO! NO!

RRRRUMMMMM

WITH YOUR ASSISTANCE, OF COURSE.

AWWW...

SHE WILL MAKE THE FIRST STEP TO LEAVING HER TOMB OF RESTRAINT.

THE GODDESS TIMAT IS THE MISTRESS OF CHAOS. THE PRIMAL SORT.

IT IS SAID THAT WHEN THE RADUK-EATER OF THE DEAD, HAS DEVOURED THE LAST HEAD OF THE HYDRA OF FALSE GODS...

THEN THERE WILL BE BUT ONE FINAL STEP TO TAKE.

...NO!
RRRRRRR...

YOU SHALL BE THE NEW VESSEL FOR TIMAT TO SAIL INTO OUR WORLD.

IT IS WRITTEN THAT ANOTHER WITH HAIR AS GOLDEN AS THE SANDS AND A STRONG BODY WILL COME.

YOU HAVE ARRIVED, MARSHAL.

A FEW ADJUST-MENTS MUST BE MADE SO THAT TIMAT CAN TAKE OVER OWNERSHIP OF YOUR BODY.

UGHH-- DON'T THINK THAT THE REST OF MY TEAM WON'T BE HERE REAL SOON, FEZ-BOY!

RRRR...

YOU FORGET, MY PEOPLE BUILT THE GREAT PYRAMIDS, MY BEAUTY.

THIS SECTION HAS BEEN SEALED OFF WITH NO SIGNS OF EXISTENCE. OUR UNDERGROUND SYSTEM IS COMPLETELY UNKNOWN TO ALL.

HEH, HEH! LET THEM COME.

THE MUMMIFICATION CEREMONY!

MY MEN WILL PREPARE YOU FOR THE CEREMONY...

THE GLOBAL LEADERS OF ORGANIZED CRIME WERE ALL BEING EXECUTED ONE BY ONE.

EACH BODY LEFT WITH A SIGN.

THE BLOOD SIGN OF TIMAT--EGYPTIAN GODDESS OF CHAOS.

AMIR TASHIR, LEADER OF THE EGYPTIAN CRIME FAMILY, HAS PUT INTO WORKS THE PLAN TO RESURRECT TIMAT SO THAT HIS CRIME FAMILY AND RELIGIOUS CULT WILL DOMINATE AND RULE THE WORLD.

WYNONNA EARP

WRAP PARTY

AFTER ALL, ISN'T THAT WHAT ALL EGYPTIAN MOB MEMBERS WANT?

TASHIR HAS ALSO RESURRECTED THE ANCIENT BODYGUARD OF TIMAT...

RADUK--EATER OF THE DEAD.

HE HAS BEGUN THE CIRCLE OF DEATH, THE BLOOD CEREMONY THAT WILL BRING BACK THE GODDESS TIMAT.

MAFIA DON, VITO MASSERIA, IS THE FINAL LINK THAT WILL CLOSE THE BLOOD CIRCLE AND RETURN TIMAT TO THE WORLD OF THE LIVING.

U.S. MARSHAL WYNONNA EARP WAS SENT HERE TO STOP THEM.

SHE'S LOOKING TO GET WRAPPED UP IN HER WORK.

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YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IF YOU WANT CUT IN ON THE ACTION I CAN MAKE THAT HAPPEN.

THANKS TO THAT BIG MONSTER THERE'S NOT MANY OTHERS TO HAVE TO SHARE WITH.

FOR YOUR INSPECTION, AMIR.

AAHHH, YES.

THE SACRIFICIAL BLADE OF TIMAT!

AS IT CUTS THROUGH MORTAL FLESH, IT SHALL CUT A PORTAL FOR THE GODDESS TO ENTER...

...HER NEW BODY!

GET ME DOWN FROM THIS FREAKIN' THING!!

SLITTING HIS FOUL THROAT SHALL BE AN ADDED PLEASURE.

BRING THE WOMAN IN!

THE VESSEL AS YOU REQUESTED GREAT TASHIR.

EXCELLENT!

PLACE HER ON THE CEREMONIAL SLAB.

THIS ISN'T OVER, YOU STINKING SAND LOVER! MY BOYS WILL RAIN DOWN ON YOU HARD!

YOU ARE SADLY MISTAKEN, MY SICILIAN FRIEND.

THE ONLY REIGN WILL BE THAT OF TIMAT!

IT IS TIME FOR THE PORTAL TO OPEN.

TIME FOR THE GREAT TIMAT TO ONCE AGAIN CLAIM HER KINGDOM.

AS EACH LINE OF THE BLOOD SIGN OF TIMAT IS CARVED, HER SPIRIT WILL BE BROUGHT FORTH!

UGHHH-- STOP! I-I-I'LL UHH--KILL YOU!

IT'S TIME TO DANCE, CUZ.

RRRAAHH!

PWAK

CHOK

CHOK

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

INTERLOPERS!

DESTROY THEM!

RADUK, THEY HAVE DEFILED THE CEREMONY.

PROTECT TIMAT!

BLEED SLOW, UNCLE VITO. WE'RE COMIN'!

BLAM BLAM

RRAAAGHH!

NICKY! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LET FAMILY DOWN.

DAMN STRAIGHT, UNCLE VITO.

HARD TO GET PAID IF YOU'RE DEAD.

SUCH SENTIMENT. GET ME DOWN!

GIVE 'EM SOME SMOKE, GUIDO. WE NEED A LITTLE TIME.

SURE.

KEEP THEM OFF ME, GUIDO.

SURE, POP.

BLAAM

BLAAM

WYNONNA! WAKE UP! COME ON, WE'RE IN KIND OF A HURRY HERE.

TAP TAP TAP

UHH--HUH... WHAT??

IT'S ME, NICK. THAT'S IT, OPEN THE EYES.

NICK?

YEAH?

I WAS AFRAID SO.

MMMMM!

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

WE GOTTA GET YOU OUTTA THAT STUFF.

YA GOT ANY-THING ON UNDER THERE?

NO.

COOL!

MAN! THIS STUFF IS TIGHT. CAN YA MOVE ANY?

NO.

MMPPHH!

WELL, LAST TIME I DID THAT YOU HIT ME.

I LIKE IT BETTER WITHOUT THE PAIN.

LOOKS LIKE I NEED TO CUT OFF A LITTLE MORE, EH?

NO. I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED TO CUT OFF...

YOU BROUGHT GUIDO??

NOW, NOW! NO DIRTY TALK IN FRONT OF GUIDO.

YOU'RE GONNA HURT HIS FEELINGS.

GOOD TO SEE YOUSE AGAIN, MARSHAL.

RRAAHH!

HEY! DAT'S MY GOOD SUIT, YA WALKIN' ROLL OF TOILET PAPER!

WHHAAAK!

RRAAAH!

WUGHH!

DAT WAS A BAD THING TO DO, PAL.

UNCLE VITO, LET'S MOVE DOWN THE HALL.

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

YOU GOT IT, NICKY.

FREAKIN' PUNK!

RAAGH!

WWUUUMP

GUIDO! COME ON, LET'S GO!

BLAM

BLAM

WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT THING IN THERE?

THESE GUYS ARE EGYPTIAN MAFIA, NICK. AND MEMBERS OF A STRANGE RELIGIOUS CULT TO BOOT.

THEY THINK THEY CAN TAKE OVER THE WORLD IF THEY KILL VITO AND STUFF THEIR GODDESS INTO MY BODY.

THERE'S ALREADY A GODDESS WRAPPED IN THAT BODY OF YOURS.

SAVE THE SWEET TALK FOR SOMEONE THAT CARES, NICK.

SECURE ALL EXITS. WE NEED THE FEMALE AND MASSERIA ALIVE.

KILL THE OTHER TWO.

YES, GREAT TASHIR.

AWW, GREAT.

BAAAAM!

WE'VE GOT TO SPLIT UP. THEY NEED VITO AND ME FOR THEIR LITTLE SQUARE DANCE.

NICK, YOU AND I WILL TRY AND MAKE IT TO THE ROOF. GUIDO WILL STICK WITH VITO. IT'LL MAKE IT HARDER FOR 'EM TO GET US BOTH.

DOESN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO START GIVIN' ORDERS AGAIN, EH, WYNONNA?

AND I'M SURE IT WON'T TAKE YOU LONG TO SCREW THIS UP LIKE EVERYTHING ELSE, EH, NICK?

CLACK!

YOU'RE STILL PISSED ABOUT VEGAS AREN'T YA?

VEGAS?

JUST SHUT UP AND LET'S GO, NICK.

NAG, NAG, NAG!

WE MUST CAPTURE THEM WITH HASTE. I FEAR RADUK'S MOOD.

HIS HUNGER FOR DEATH CANNOT BE QUENCHED.

I GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YOUSE TO FEAR!

CRRACK!

UGHH!

WAAAK!

AACKK!

CAMEL JOCKEY!

NICE GUNS. I WANT 'EM.

YOU EARNED THEM, SON.

GOOD. NO STEEL DOOR.

BETTER YET, NO...

BRAAASH!

MUMMY!

BLAAMM

BLAAMM

BLAAM

YAACKK!--GET--HIMM--OFF!

I'M TRYIN'!

RROAAGH!

MMRRGHH!

MOVE! MOVE!

I AM! I AM!

BLAAM

THAT WAS MY GOOD JACKET!

AS IN CONTRAST TO HIM TAKING YOUR BAD LIFE?

BLAAM

RRRAAHH!

HERE!

QUIT ORDERIN' ME AROUND. I WAS GOIN' THERE ANYWAY.

BRUDDAA
BRUDDAA
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE, GUIDO. DIDN'T YOU AND NICK HAVE SOME SORT OF PLAN?
YEAH, OF COURSE.
WE FIGURED WE WOULD'VE KILLED EVERY-BODY BY NOW.
THAT ROTTIN' MUMMY THREW A MONKEY WRENCH INTO DA PLANS.
BRUDDAA
BRUDDAA
LET'S FIND NICK AND THE LADY MARSHAL. WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS NUT HOUSE!
LEAD THE WAY, POP. I'LL FAN OFF THE LAST OF THESE PUNKS.
THAT DEAD MAN WALKIN' IS GONNA BE HERE ANY SECOND, WYNONNA.
ANYTHING IN YOUR GIRL SCOUT MANUAL ON UNSTOPPABLE MUMMIES?
QUIT BEING PREMATURE, NICK.
HEY! ONLY ONCE.
YOU WOMEN SHOULD TAKE IT AS A FORM OF FLATTERY.
UH, HUH...

KEEP HIM BUSY, NICK. I THINK I'VE GOT SOMETHING.

AWWW, CRAP!

FIND ME A FLAME THROWER, WY!

RREEAAGHH!

BRUNCK

A WAY OUT I HOPE!

BUDDA BUDDA

RRAAAHHHH!

AWNO AWNO AWNO!

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

HHARGGH!

AAGHH... IT'S--UGHH-- GOT ME!

HOLD ON, NICKY.

CLASSH

RRRRHHH!

AACCKKK--
UGHHH!

WHUMMP

PUT HIM DOWN!

RRAAAGHH!

YA DON'T DIS DA FAMILY, KARLOFF!

WHAAM

THUDD

ARRGH!

GUIDO! HOLD HIS FACE UP!

WHAT?

YA GONNA FEED HIM A BOWL OF COUNT CHOCULA??

UHHH--BETTER HURRY, MARSHAL. HE'S PRETTY STRONG FOR A DEAD GUY.

REEAARHH!

I'M LOOKING TO MAKE HIM STAY DEAD, GUIDO.

TIME TO ADD A LITTLE FIBER TO YOUR DIET, UGLY!

TANA LEAVES!

AARGGG!

THAT'S RIGHT, GOOFBALL. I'VE SEEN ALL OF THE CLASSIC MUMMY MOVIES.

MMMGGHHH!

YYRRAAAGHHHH!

THIS BETTER WORK.

YOU BETTER LET HIM GO, GUIDO.

SOME DAYS THE BEAR EATS YOU...

SOMEDAY YOU EAT THE BEAR!

SLLAAAKKK

YAAACKKK

WELCOME TO THE BIG DIRT NAP, PAL.

FFRRIIZZZZZ

RADUK WILL NOT GO ALONE, FOOLS!

HUH?

AWW, GREAT.

WITH THE DEATH OF MASSERIA, THE PORTAL SHALL OPEN.

TIMAT SHALL COME FORTH AND ONCE AGAIN CLAIM HER WORLD! YOUR BODY WILL BECOME THE HOST FOR HER SPIRIT.

BOTH OF YOUSE...GET BEHIND ME.

FOR EGYPT, FOR CHAOS, FOR TIMAT!

BLAMMM

BLAMMM

BLAM

GUIDO, I'VE GOT TO ASK YOU A QUESTION.

YEAH, WHAT'S THAT, MARSHAL?

WHY DO YOU CARRY SO MANY GUNS?

THEY MAKE ME FEEL SAFE.

VITO, I KNOW THERE HAS TO BE SOMETHING I COULD HOLD YOU FOR.

ALWAYS WILLING TO HOLD EVERY-BODY BUT ME.

SHUT UP, NICK.

BUT, SINCE YOU AND GUIDO WERE SUCH A HELP, I THINK WE CAN ARREST YOU SOME OTHER DAY. I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE THAT POSSIBLE.

BESIDES, I'VE GOT TO FIND MY CLOTHES.

WHY COVER PERFECTION?

SHUT UP, NICK.

THE NEXT NIGHT.

AFTER WORK HOURS.

YA KNOW WY, I THINK IT'S TIME WE PUT VEGAS BEHIND US AND STARTED OVER.

WHAT DO YA SAY?

PUT IT BEHIND US??

I WALK INTO OUR ROOM AND FIND YOU WITH THREE VEGAS SHOWGIRLS, A POLKA BAND, AND TWO FEMALE ELVIS IMPERSONATORS AND YOU WANT TO FORGET IT?

GET REAL, NICK.

BESIDES, YOU WORK FOR YOUR UNCLE NOW, NOT THE LAW.

HE'S MOB.

YOU'RE MOB.

I'M NOT INTO MIXED...WHATEVER.

SO I GUESS THIS IS THE "JUST FRIENDS" PART, EH?

NOPE.

THIS IS THE PART WHERE I TELL YOU TO SHUT UP AGAIN AND KISS ME.

UH-- I-I-UHH...

SOMETIMES TO BUILD A RELATIONSHIP WITH A NEW INFORMANT YOU HAVE TO ENTICE THEM WITH A LITTLE INCENTIVE.

WHACK 'EM AND SACK 'EM.

THE END Of The Story

MY NAME IS BEAU SMITH. I WRITE WYNONNA EARP.

IT'S A GREAT JOB. BUT EVEN THE SMOOTHEST JOBS HAVE THEIR SPEED BUMPS...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THIS IS THE LAST ISSUE, BEAU!

WELL, UH--DON'T LOOK AT IT AS THE LAST ISSUE. IT'S KINDA LIKE UH...A HIATUS.

YEAH, THAT'S IT--A HIATUS!

HIATUS??

I BET THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF CHUCK DIXON OR KARL KESEL WAS WRITING ABOUT ME.

WHAT ARE YA TALKIN' ABOUT?

THOSE GUYS WOULD HAVE HAD YA RUNNIN' AROUND HALF NAKED!

THIS ISN'T SOME CRUMMY FRIENDS KNOCK-OFF TV SHOW FOR THE FALL SEASON, SMITH!

HIATUS IS JUST A SISSY WORD FOR CANCELED, WORM FOOD, DEAD AS A DOOR-NAIL, THE BIG DIRT NAP!

DIDN'T YOU THREATEN ROCKWITZ? I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME PULL AT WILDSTORM. YOU KNOW JIM LEE DON'T YOU?

WELL, YEAH, BUT HE WAS OUTTA TOWN, AND ROCKWITZ HAD OD'D ON WHITE CASTLE BURGERS...AND...

WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS, LITTLE MISTER LARRY FLYNT?

IT'S THE MARKET, IT'S DOWN. EVERYBODY SAYS SO.

THAT LAME-ASS EXCUSE DOESN'T FLOAT, BEAU.

WE'VE GOT LOTS OF DEDICATED READERS. I GET TONS OF LETTERS EVERYDAY.

WAIT'LL THEY HEAR ABOUT THIS. YOU AND JIM LEE WILL BE MARKED MEN--AND I'M BEING GENEROUS ABOUT CALLIN' YOU TWO MEN!

IT WAS ROCKWITZ-- I SWEAR! HE HAS IT OUT FOR ME! HE'S FROM NEW YORK, YA KNOW!

OH... YEAH... I--UH--SEE WHAT YA MEAN.

MY MISTAKE.

WEAK!

I'M GOING TO PUT IN A CALL TO GARTH ENNIS, GAIMAN, MAYBE WARREN ELLIS...

BRITS! NO! ANYTHING BUT ONE OF THEM TEA-SIPPIN' BRITS!!

I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO FIGHT OFF THE ALIEN INVASION, THE GILL-MEN, OR THE KATHIE LEE GIFFORD GOON SQUAD OF THE UNDEAD!

PLEASE-- COME ON BACK!

I'LL CANCEL PAMELA ANDERSON FROM PLAYIN' YA IN THE MOVIE!

I'LL HAVE 'EM DRAW MORE CLOTHES ON YA!

VVAARROOOMMM

THE END.... FOR NOW.

THE WAR ON WEIRDOS IS FAR FROM OVER. I'M NOT EVEN CLOSE TO BEING FINISHED.

AS LONG AS THERE ARE SICKOS, PSYCHOS, ALIENS, AND MONSTERS WITHOUT PARTNERS I'LL BE ON THE JOB. JUST REMEMBER...

...IT'S NOT ABOUT THE LAW-- IT'S ABOUT JUSTICE!

THANKS FOR READIN',

WYNONNA EARP
U.S. MARSHAL

HOME ON THE STRANGE

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SUNDAY. JANUARY 13, 1929. 7:05 AM.

4004 WEST 17TH STREET, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

THE HOME OF WYATT S. EARP, FORMER MARSHAL OF TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA.

BUT THAT WAS 47 YEARS AGO.

ANOTHER LIFETIME.

THE SENSES OF THE 80-YEAR-OLD LAWMAN WERE STILL RAZOR SHARP...

...BUT TIME HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL ON HIS REFLEXES.

UUUGHH!

GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, WYATT.

I'M A BIT *DISAPPOINTED.* I EXPECTED YOU TO BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME AND THE BOYS AGAIN.

NO. KINDA LIKE KNOWING STORM CLOUDS ARE JUST OVER THE HORIZON.

YOU DON'T ACT SHOCKED WHEN THE RAIN STARTS COMING DOWN.

YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THE *RAIN,* EARP.

IT'S GONNA COME DOWN...

...REAL *HARD.*

AS THE MAN STEPPED FROM THE SHADOWS INTO PLAIN VIEW, A DARK HUNCH THAT MARSHAL EARP HAD CARRIED FOR 40-ODD YEARS BECAME SICK REALITY.

CURLY BILL BROCIUS, IKE CLANTON, AND TOM McLAURY.

BACK FROM THE DEAD... OR DID THEY EVER REALLY GET THERE?

SHOULD BE EASY TO RECOGNIZE ME AND TOM McLAURY, SEEING AS WE'RE STILL THE SAME AGE WE WERE WHEN YOU SHOT ME DOWN, AND WHEN DOC HOLLIDAY CUT YOUNG TOM DOWN WITH THAT SHOTGUN.

OF COURSE YOU REMEMBER IKE CLANTON. YOU EARPS DROVE POOR IKE TO A LIFE ON THE RUN. CAUSED HIM TO BE DOWNRIGHT NERVOUS. MADE IT EASY FOR THAT OTHER FELLA TO SHOOT IKE FOR ADMIRING HIS CATTLE.

BUT NOW WE'RE BACK, LAW DOG...

WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR THIS DAY FOR A LONG TIME.

YOUR DYIN' DAY!

BUZZARDS LIKE YOU DON'T START CIRCLING UNTIL DEATH HAS DONE THE JOB FOR YOU.

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A *COWARD.*

COWARD? YOU'VE CHEWED ON MY LEG FOR THE LAST TIME, LAW DOG.

NO, IKE. THAT AIN'T THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE. YOU KNOW HOW THIS HAS TO PLAY OUT.

ARE YA SURE, BILL? CAN'T WE JUST *BUST* HIM UP REAL GOOD *FIRST?*

YEAH, I'M SURE. WE GOTTA THINK OF THE LONG HAUL... THE *BIGGER* SCHEME OF THINGS.

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YOU SEE, WYATT... TODAY IS *TRULY* YOUR DYING DAY.

IKE IS RIGHT... WE *HAVE* WAITED. A *LONG* TIME. YA SEE, DEATH IS JUST LIKE ANYTHING ELSE. IT CAN BE *CHEATED.* YA JUST GOTTA BE SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE OPPORTUNITY TO SIDESTEP A BIT.

LIFE AND DEATH ARE PRETTY COMPLEX THINGS, WYATT. THEY PLAY OFF EACH OTHER. NOW I DON'T CLAIM TO UNDERSTAND IT COMPLETELY, BUT I KNOW ENOUGH TO SEE THAT ME AND THE BOYS WILL BE AROUND FOR A LONG TIME.

YOU EVER WONDER WHY A BULLET NEVER CREASED YOUR HIDE DURING YOUR LIFE?

"THINK ABOUT IT, WYATT. WHEN YOU, YOUR MURDERIN' BROTHERS, AND DOC HOLLIDAY AMBUSHED IKE AND THE BOYS THAT DAY...

*"...BODIES FELL LEFT AND RIGHT. YOUR OWN KIN EVEN TOOK BULLETS... BUT NOT **YOU.***

"AND WHO CAN FORGET THAT DAY BY THE RIVER? SURELY NOT ME.

"WE HAD YOU DEAD TO RIGHTS. YOU HAD NO COVER. WE HAD YOU OUTNUMBERED AND YOU JUST WALTZED INTO THAT RIVER LIKE YOU WAS GOD ALMIGHTY.

*"THERE WAS NO **WAY** WE COULD'VE MISSED. NO WAY IN HELL.*

*"BUT SOMEHOW... WE **DID.***

"BUT YOU DIDN'T.

"YOU CUT ME DOWN THAT DAY. THE ONLY THOUGHT IN MY BRAIN BEFORE IT SHUT DOWN WAS...

"...HOW?"

COULD BE BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T USED TO FACING A MAN STRAIGHT UP.

LIKE WHEN YOU MURDERED MY BROTHER MORGAN THAT NIGHT, FROM BEHIND AND IN THE DARK.

SPEAKING OF YOUR BROTHER... I SUSPECT YOU'LL BE SEEING HIM SOON ENOUGH.

YOU CAN HAVE A LITTLE FAMILY REUNION... IN HELL.

OL' JOSIE... OH... PARDON ME... I MEAN MRS. EARP!

FUNNY, YOU ALWAYS CALLING *US* THIEVES. WHY, YOU STOLE JOSIE AWAY FROM JOHNNY BEHAN. THAT WAS RATHER UNDERHANDED OF YOU.

OF COURSE, UNDERHANDED IS THE EARP WAY. AFTER ALL, YOU LEFT MATTIE BLAYLOCK FOR THIS LITTLE ACTRESS.

LUCKY FOR US NEITHER ONE OF YOUR WHORES WAS ABLE TO BEAR YOU A CHILD. THAT WOULD'VE UPSET OUR PLAN A BIT.

WE'D'VE HAD TO WAIT LONGER BEFORE THINGS WERE RIGHT.

I READ WHERE THE FOLKS THAT MAKE ALL THOSE TOM MIX WESTERNS HAD YOU AROUND FOR ADVICE.

HMMPH! THEY SHOULD'VE ASKED *ME.* I COULD'VE SET THEM STRAIGHT ON WHAT IT WAS REALLY LIKE.

"I WOULD'VE SET A PRETTY LITTLE THING LIKE HER STRAIGHT AS WELL.

COMING

*"DID YOU GET A POKE FROM PRETTY LITTLE THINGS LIKE THIS ONE WHILE YOU WERE TELLIN' YOUR BIG **LIES**, EARP?"*

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NEVER HAD IT BEEN SO HARD FOR WYATT EARP TO HIDE HIS EMOTIONS.

NO ONE—NOT JOSIE, NOT TOM MIX—KNEW THAT WYATT EARP AND THE YOUNG ACTRESS IN THE PHOTOGRAPH HAD BEEN LOVERS. IF THESE MURDERING DOGS KNEW, SHE WOULD NEVER BE SAFE.

WELL, WYATT... AS FORETOLD, YOUR TIME HAS COME. IT'S QUITE A SHAME YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE AROUND TO SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT ***PLANNED.***

YOU SEE, WHEN YOU'RE SOMEWHAT ***IMMORTAL,*** AS WE ARE, YOU'VE GOT LOTS OF TIME TO SEE THAT YOUR PLANS ARE WELL LAID.

AND AFTER TODAY THERE'LL BE NO MORE WYATT EARP TO UPSET THE FINE BALANCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

GO STRAIGHT TO ***HELL,*** BILL!

WHY, WYATT... WE'VE ALREADY CHECKED OUT OF ***THAT*** HOTEL.

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME TO SEE YOU DIE, EARP. I JUST WISH IT WAS BY MY GUN!

TOO BAD JOSIE IS OUT OF TOWN, WYATT.

I'D LOVE FOR *HER* TO SEE *THIS*.

YUP, 8:05 AM. IT'S TIME.

AAARGGHH!

UUUGHH...

SPEAK UP, OLD MAN...

IT'S NOT OVER... *COUGH* I'LL BE *BACK*...

IT'S NOT OVER...

...AND *HELL'S* COMIN' WITH ME.

WHAT'S THAT, WYATT? I CAN'T HEAR YOU TOO GOOD WHEN YOU'RE DYING ON US LIKE THAT.

BILL, WHAT DID THE OLD LAW DOG *SAY* TO YA? YOU'VE BEEN DAMN *QUIET* SINCE HE CROAKED.

HEH HEH... DID HE *BEG*? I'D *LOVE* IT IF HE BEGGED.

HAHAHA... WHEN IT CAME DOWN TO IT HE WAS PLEADIN' FOR HIS LIFE, WASN'T HE, BILL? I *KNEW* HE WASN'T THAT *TOUGH*.

CALLIN' *ME* A COWARD... IT WAS *HIM* THAT WAS THE COWARD!

UUGH!

SLAAP

SHUT UP, IKE!

DAMMIT, IKE, HE'S *WYATT EARP!* DID YOU EVER IN YOUR STUPID LIFE KNOW WYATT EARP TO *BEG?*

KEEP YOUR PIE HOLE OFF ME THE REST OF THE TRIP. I'VE GOT *THINKING* TO DO.

THE PRESENT.

U.S. REGIONAL POST OFFICE. CEREDO, WEST VIRGINIA.

GENERAL POST-OFFICE CEREDO

BEN'S

BEN'S

I THOUGHT I'D SEEN IT **ALL.**

*TRAILER TRASH **VAMPIRES** WITH GEORGE HAMILTON TANS, THE EGYPTIAN MAFIA WITH A **MUMMY** HITMAN AND **WEREWOLF** BOUNTY HUNTERS...*

...AND NOW... THIS!

PRIORITY MAIL

KEEP REFRIGERATED

*SOMEONE HAS BEEN USING THE U.S. POSTAL SERVICE TO TRANSPORT **HUMAN CADAVERS** AND **INTERNAL ORGANS** ACROSS STATE LINES.*

*THAT'S A **FEDERAL OFFENSE.***

PRIORITY MAIL

KEEP REFRIGERATED

*THAT'S WHEN **I** COME KNOCKIN' ON THEIR DOOR.*

THE NAME'S EARP... MARSHAL WYNONNA EARP.

I'M THE LAW.

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U.S. MARSHAL.

MAKE LIKE THE SNOW AND *FREEZE!*

KEEP REFRIGERATED

*UGHH! DID I REALLY **SAY** THAT?*

*TELL ME THAT WASN'T **ME.***

GET HER! REND HER *FLESH* FROM HER *BONES!*

ADD HER TO THE *SHIPMENT.*

AWW, JUST GREAT.

DISGRUNTLED *ZOMBIE MAILMEN.* DON'T *REGULAR* HUMANS COMMIT CRIMES ANYMORE?

BLAM

YOU BOYS ARE JUST ANOTHER SIDE DISH ON THE MENU OF THE *MACABRE.*

YYEEEEEAAAAGH!

HISSSSS... TASSSSTY!

BLAM

YOU WILL NOT STOP OUR SHIPMENT.

YOU WILL BECOME PART OF IT!

YYAAAACK!

FLUMPH

FLUMPH

THIS'LL *NEVER* COME OFF MY BOOT!

GEEZ! EEYUCK! GET *OFF!*

I THOUGHT ZOMBIE GUTS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE HARD AND *CRUNCHY*... UGHH... NOT LIKE... A WET SACK OF DONKEY DUMP!

SQUASH

GULOOSH

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DIE, MEAT!

WHAAACK

UUUGH!

MANY WILL FEAST UPON YOUR PRETTY FLESH!

SORRY I CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR *YOU.*

I THINK YOUR *EXPIRATION DATE* RAN OUT A LOOONG TIME AGO.

HISSSSSSSSS!

SWIIISH

GIMME THAT!

THIS MIGHT *HURT...*

...THEN AGAIN, I DON'T REALLY *CARE.*

IIIEEGH!

CRAAAACK

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BREAKIN' THE LAW... BREAKIN' AN ARM.

AARGH!

WHAAACK

WHAAACK

IT'S NOT LIKE YOU HAD MUCH OF A LIFE ANYWAY.

AFTER ALL, YOU WERE ALREADY DEAD.

He WORKED FOR ME, MARSHAL.

UH-OH...

I am the PostMonster General.

Welcome to our food chain!

I prefer my meat on the tender side!

NAW, NOT ENOUGH *LEAD* IN YOUR DIET, BIG BOY!

BLAAM BLAAM BLAAM

YOU WASTE YOUR BULLETS, MARSHAL.

IT'S OKAY, REALLY.

UNCLE SAM GIVES ME LOTS OF 'EM. ALL FOR *FREE!*

BLAAM

BLAAM

I WANT A THIGH!

BLAAM BLAAM BLAAM

I WANT A LEG!

I WANT A BREAS–

DON'T SAY IT.

HISSSSSSS!

WHOA... WHOAAAAAAA!

ULUGH!

THUMMP

PRIORITY MAIL

THIS IS FOR YOU...

...AND THIS ONE IS FOR YOU!

BLAAM

THUNK

MEAT!

NOPE!

MEAT!

NOPE!

BLAAM

BLAAM

MEAT!

NOPE!

BELL SHUT OFF

CRAWK

WAAUUHH!

I WILL CRUSH YOUR BONES AND SEE YOU SERVED AS THE MAIN DISH TO MY TROOPS!

UUGHH... YOU'RE NOT... UUGH... GONNA...

YESSSS...

...SEE A THING!

KEEP REFRIGERATED

BLAAM

BLAAM

YEEAAAAGGH!

AARGHH! KILL HER! KILL HER DEAD!

TIME TO RETHINK, RELOAD, AND RETURN FIRE.

YYIIIGHHHH!

BRAAAATTAAA BRAAAATTAAA

RAY CRABTREE, POSTAL INSPECTOR, AT YOUR SERVICE, MARSHAL EARP.

GETTIN' GREEDY, WYNONNA? YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WAIT FOR ME AND YOUR BOYS.

THEY WERE ABOUT TO MAKE MONSTER TRACKS, CRAB. I HAD TO JUMP IN.

OOOH! I SEE YOU BROUGHT MY TOY!

OF COURSE. WHAT'S A MONSTER ROAST WITHOUT IT?

THIS IS ONE OF THE PERKS I LOVE ABOUT THIS JOB.

MAKE A PATH, MEN. WE GOT ORDNANCE COMING THROUGH!

US MARSHAL

THIS IS REALLY GONNA STINK.

FLOOOSH

FLOOOSH

IIIIIIEEEEEEGH!

YA KNOW, IT FELT REALLY GOOD TORCHIN' THAT BIG HUNK OF POSTAL WASTE.

AND ALL THE WHILE I COULD HEAR DEBBIE BOONE SINGING "YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE" IN MY HEAD.

FLOOOSH

YYAAAAAAARGH!

MAIL

FUNNY HOW THINGS WORK LIKE THAT.

LOOKS LIKE THE POST OFFICE NEEDS TO RAISE THE HIRING STANDARDS, CRAB.

U S MARS

NAWW, WE'LL JUST RAISE THE PRICE OF *STAMPS*. THAT'S WHAT WE ALWAYS DO.

U S

BEN'S

BEN'S

POST-OFFICE CEREDO

"I *KNEW* THIS WAS GOING TO STINK."

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

BIT OF BAD NEWS, BILL.

IS THAT RIGHT, FRANK?

THAT PARAMILITARY POST OFFICE GOOF GOT HIM AND HIS CREW OF CRAP EATERS ALL BURNT UP.

I TAKE IT *SHE* GOT 'EM?

YUP. MOSTLY ALL BY HER LONESOME.

I WAS HOPING THE GENERAL WOULD GET *LUCKY.* MAYBE EVEN MAIM HER A BIT. OH, WELL.

YA KNOW, FRANK, I *HATE* UNFINISHED BUSINESS. THAT BASTARD WYATT EARP IS STILL RATTLING MY WINDOWS FROM THE *GRAVE.*

HE POKED THOSE WHORES HE RAN WITH AND PRODUCED NO BABIES. FIGURED HE WAS SHOOTIN' BLANKS... PARDON THE PUN.

WHEN IN FACT HIS WOMEN WERE AS BARREN AS A PAUPER'S CABINET.

IF WE'D KNOWN HE HAD AN AFFAIR WITH THAT ACTRESS, WE COULD'VE PUT A *STOP* TO HIS LEGACY BACK IN THE 20'S.

YEAH, WE EVEN HAD HER PICTURE IN OUR HANDS. HE ALWAYS KEPT HIS CARDS CLOSE TO THE VEST.

EVEN THOUGH THINGS HAVE GONE VERY NICELY OVER THE LAST 70-ODD YEARS, THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN THAT OFF-KILTER FEELING DOGGIN' ME.

NOW IT'S LIKE HE'S COME BACK IN THIS DESCENDANT OF HIS... POSSIBLY *WORSE.*

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT HER. I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF *NOT* AGING. I DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT END.

DO YOU WANT ME TO CALL *HIM*?

NO... NOT YET. ONLY IF WE HAVE TO.

HAVE IKE PULL THE NEXT STRING AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN STOMP THIS LITTLE FIRE OUT BEFORE IT GETS TOO BIG.

CALLING FOR *HIM* IS A CHIP I DON'T WANNA HAVE TO CASH IN IF I DON'T HAVE TO.

WE'VE STILL GOT SOME ***EXPENDABLES*** WE CAN CALL ON FIRST.

CEREDO, WEST VIRGINIA. THE HOLLYWOOD MOTEL.

YEAH, I'M IN MY ROOM. I'M GOING TO LEAVE IN THE MORNING. I SHOULD BE IN ARIZONA LATE IN THE AFTERNOON.

NOPE. I'M OKAY. THANKS FOR ASKING.

I DO HAVE TO SAY... I'VE HAD THIS REALLY ***WEIRD*** FEELING THE LAST FEW DAYS.

DREAMS HAVE BEEN STRANGE TOO. LIKE SOMEONE IS TRYING TO ***TALK*** TO ME. I DON'T KNOW...

NAWW, NOTHING THAT A LITTLE ALUMINUM FOIL AROUND MY HEAD WON'T BLOCK OUT...

GEEZ! I'M ***KIDDING!*** I'VE GOTTA GET SOME ***REST.*** I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

"GOODNIGHT."

YEAH, I GOT IT.

I'LL SEE THAT THINGS GET ***STARTED.***

IT SEEMS THAT OLD BAD GUYS NEVER DIE... THEY JUST BECOME *IMMORTAL.*

CURLY BILL BROCIOUS, IKE CLANTON, AND TOM McLAURY SHOW UP ON WYATT EARP'S DOORSTEP 47 YEARS AFTER THEY WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE DIED. THEY ARE VERY YOUNG; WYATT IS OLD AND DYING.

THE COWBOYS THOUGHT THEY HAD CUT DOWN THE LAST BRANCH OF WYATT EARP'S FAMILY TREE.

THEY DIDN'T KNOW THAT A NEW *SEED* HAD BEEN *PLANTED.*

THAT SEED HAS OFFSET THE BALANCE OF A STRANGE DEAL FOR IMMORTALITY THAT CURLY BILL AND THE BOYS HAVE MADE.

NOW, THEY HEAD UP THE GLOBAL PARANORMAL CRIME FAMILY. ALL THE OTHER FAMILIES AND TRIBES ANSWER TO THEM.... VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, GHOULS, DEMONS, AND MORE.

THEY ARE NOW ENLISTING MANY OF THESE FAMILIES TO HUNT DOWN AND KILL COVERT U.S. MARSHAL WYNONNA EARP.

THE DESCENDANT OF WYATT EARP AND A RESULT OF HIS BRIEF AFFAIR WITH AN ACTRESS IN THE 1920'S, SHE MUST DIE IF THE COWBOYS ARE TO *ENSURE* THEIR IMMORTALITY.

SO FAR THEY'RE NOT OFF TO A GOOD *START.*

CURLY BILL WANTS THAT TO CHANGE.

HE HAS PUT A PARANORMAL CONTRACT OUT ON WYNONNA EARP.

NORMAL CRIME, ABNORMAL CRIME, PARANORMAL CRIME... IT'S ALL THE SAME TO WYNONNA EARP.

NONE OF IT PAYS.

TRI-STATE AIRPORT, HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA. 5:00 AM.

THE SNOW STOPPED IN THE NIGHT; THE RUNWAY IS CLEAR AND READY FOR ANOTHER DAY OF FLIGHTS OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN STATE.

SOME FLIGHTS WILL BE SAFER THAN *OTHERS* ON THIS COLD, WINTERY MORNING.

HUNTINGTON

US MARSHAL

IT'S UP TO IKE CLANTON TO SEE THAT ONE SPECIAL FLIGHT *NEVER* REACHES ITS DESTINATION.

NOW Y'ALL SURE YOU CAN *HANDLE* THIS? CURLY BILL WAS AGAINST HIRIN' YOU AND YOUR BOYS, AFTER YOU MESSED UP CRASHIN' THAT FLIGHT WITH THE ENRON FOOLS ON IT.

THAT WAS ONE PAPER TRAIL THAT WAS HARD TO RIDE OUT.

THAT WAS *JIMMY'S* FAULT. HE GOT ALL LIQUORED UP. HAD TO LET HIM GO AFTER THAT... IF YA KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

I PULLED IN ELMER AND FRANK, ALONG WITH BOB EARL AND HIS TWO COUSINS FOR THIS.

GONNA BE A *CAKEWALK*, IKE.

SEE THAT IT IS, DOUGIE. I DON'T NEED CURLY BILL GETTIN' *GROUCHY* ON ME.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. 2:30 AM.

IHOW FAST FOOD

Open 24/7

IHOW FAST FOOD

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF WAFFLES. KNOWN FOR GREAT WAFFLES, CHICKEN WINGS, AND PUDDING.

WHAT ISN'T KNOWN BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC, OR LAW ENFORCEMENT, IS THAT THE BACK HALF OF THE RESTAURANT IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST METH LABS IN LOS ANGELES.

RUN VERY WELL BY THE LONGSTANDING L.A.-BASED MAFIA.

KEEERRRRRAAANGH

THEY ARE ABOUT TO MEET THEIR PARANORMAL COUNTERPARTS.

GRRRRRRRR....

CURLY BILL'S IMMORTAL COWBOYS... AND THEIR BIGFOOT *ENFORCER.*

NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH A FRIENDLY WOOKIE.

BRAAADDAAA

pating

paaating

paaating

BRAAADDA

KILL... *WHATEVER* THAT IS!

ARRRGH!

UUUUGH!

BRAAAADDA

UUUUGHHH!

KRAAAAAAC

GET THE GUYS WITH THE *GUNS,* THEN WE'LL DEAL WITH THE *FREAK!*

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OH... SHI—

BUUUDDAAA

BUUUUDDAAA

UUUUGH!!

UUUUGH!

THAT ALWAYS FREAKS 'EM OUT.

SPLAAT

SPLAATT

GRRRR!

GARRRGH!

NICE WORK, BOYS.

A LITTLE *MESSY*, BUT STILL VERY NICE WORK.

TOM, SEE THAT *OUR* PEOPLE GET MOVED IN HERE AND KEEP THINGS RUNNING.

WE'LL LET THE WORKERS WHO ESCAPED CARRY A MESSAGE BACK TO THE PASTA-EATIN' MEATBALLS WHO USED TO RUN THIS PLACE.

GRRRRR...

THE NEW EDUCATION OF ORGANIZED CRIME HAS BEGUN.

AND THE OLD SCHOOL HAS JUST BEEN CLOSED DOWN.

TRI-STATE AIRPORT, HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA.

A PRIVATE JET OF THE U.S. MARSHAL CORPS PREPARES FOR TAKE-OFF TO PHOENIX, ARIZONA. ONE OF THE PASSENGERS WILL BE COVERT U.S. MARSHAL WYNONNA EARP.

THERE WILL ALSO BE A FEW UNWANTED PASSENGERS, ALSO OF A COVERT NATURE.

A *PARANORMAL* NATURE.

WE REALLY APPRECIATE YOUR *HELP* WITH THE SITUATION AT THE POST OFFICE, MARSHAL EARP.

IT'S NOT EVERY DAY WE GET THE *UNDEAD* KNOCKING AT OUR DOOR.

I WAS GLAD TO HELP OUT, RITA. MORE GLAD THERE WEREN'T ANY *CIVILIANS* HURT.

I WANNA THANK YOU AND YOUR OTHER MARSHALS FOR MAKING THIS A TIDY TRIP.

I HOPE YOU HAVE A GOOD TRIP TO PHOENIX. THE WEATHER WILL BE A NICE CHANGE; NO SNOW, THAT'S FOR SURE.

YEAH, BUT SNOW CAN BE NICE... AS LONG AS THE ZOMBIES LAYING UNDER IT ARE REALLY DEAD.

THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY, RITA.

Y'ALL COME BACK NOW, MARSHAL EARP.

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BACK IN LOS ANGELES, THE NEW "OWNERS" OF THE INTERNATIONAL HOUSE OF WAFFLES HAVE DECIDED TO SOAK IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF THEIR LATEST ACQUISITION AND DISCUSS THEIR PLANS.

CLOSED FOR REDECORATING

IHOW

Open 24/7

MMMMM... GOOD *WAFFLES!*

BEST THING ABOUT LIVIN' FOREVER IS NEVER HAVIN' TO WORRY ABOUT GETTIN' *FAT.*

YEAH... BUT LATELY I THINK I'VE PUT ON A FEW POUNDS. THAT HASN'T HAPPENED IN A LONG TIME.

THERE'S A GOOD *REASON* FOR THAT, FRANK.

EARP BLOOD.

WYATT'S MODERN-DAY RELATION IS REACHIN' HER *PRIME.* THE STRONGER *SHE* GETS, THE MORE IT TAKES FROM *US.*

I'M SURE YOU BOYS HAVE NOTICED THAT WHEN YOU GET SHOT, STABBED, OR INJURED IT'S TAKIN' MORE TIME TO HEAL UP.

SHE'S GOTTA *DIE...*

"...AND SOON."

"LET'S HOPE IKE'S BOYS CAN GET THE JOB DONE."

KREEEEEECK

US MARSHAL

WELL... THAT SURE LOOKS ODD.

ODD WE'RE USED TO, CHUCK. WHAT THIS *ISN'T* IS *GOOD.*

"PARANORMAL CRIMES AND ACTIVITY ARE POPPING UP IN CLUSTERS. HEAVY IN LOS ANGELES AND... WEST VIRGINIA."

"CLUSTER IS RIGHT. USUALLY THERE ARE A FEW HERE AND THERE, BUT THIS LOOKS LIKE LOTS OF FREAKS CLIMBING OUT OF THE WOODWORK."

LET'S SEE... TWO BOTTLED WATERS, SOME FRUIT...

HEY BABY!! PEEK-A-BOO!

WELL, *THAT'S* NOT GOOD.

AAAY!!!EEEEEEEEE!!

IT NEVER IS, CHUCK.

IT NEVER *IS.*

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KNOCK OFF ALL THE SQUIRMIN', BABY.

I JUST WANNA HURT YA A LITTLE BIT.

MMPPHHH!!

CHUCK, YOU KNOW THE DRILL. DIRECT HIT ON THE PERP. NO STRAY BULLETS TO PUNCTURE THE CABIN.

OF COURSE.

AFTER WE SAVE THE VICTIM.

U.S. MARSHALS, DON'T MOVE!

AWWW...

THIS *REALLY* ISN'T GOOD.

"YEAH, LIKE I SAID... IT NEVER IS."

GEEZ! WHAT NOW?

WHAARUUUMMM

I'M AFRAID I'VE GOT A REAL GOOD IDEA, CHUCK.

CHECK THE WING WINDOWS...

YOU'VE GOT TO BE *KIDDING!*

I WISH I *WERE,* AMIGO...

"...HILLBILLY GREMLINS."

MY FIELD TIME HASN'T COVERED HILLBILLY GREMLINS YET.

WELL, *MINE* HAS.

ON THE *GROUND* THEY AREN'T MUCH OF A THREAT.

BUT IN THE AIR, THEY'RE AS *DEADLY* AS IT GETS.

CHUCK, GET MY GEAR BAG AND BRING WHAT'S IN IT. MEET ME AT THE COCKPIT DOOR.

LOS ANGELES, 4:00 AM.

IKE, WHAT *NEWS* DO YOU HAVE FOR ME?

COULDN'T BE BETTER, BILL. THIS NEW PRIVATE JET WE BOUGHT IS THE *BEST* YET.

IKE, I'M NOT *TALKIN'* ABOUT THE JET! IS EARP *DEAD?*

DOUGIE AND HIS BOYS SHOULD HAVE HER IN A TAILSPIN BY NOW, BILL. THEY *ALWAYS* DO GOOD WORK...

...'LESS THEY'VE BEEN DRINKIN'.

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

NOTHIN', BILL. MUST BE A BAD CONNECTION.

ANYWAY, DOUGIE IS GONNA CALL ME AS SOON AS THE JOB IS DONE. I SHOULD BE IN L.A. WITHIN AN HOUR OR SO. I'M SURE I'LL HAVE GOOD NEWS THEN.

SMITTY? AW, NO... *HE* MADE THESE THINGS?

WELL, IF THE CRASH DOESN'T KILL US I'M SURE THESE WILL.

HERE. I GOT THEM OUT OF YOUR GEAR BAG... WHAT THE HELL ARE THEY? NOT GOVERNMENT ISSUE, FOR SURE.

YOU'RE RIGHT THERE... SMITTY MADE EM' UP FOR ME.

NO NEED TO WORRY, CHUCK. SMITTY ALWAYS TAKES GOOD CARE OF MY SPECIAL NEEDS.

THESE ARE ELECTRA-TECH 240'S. THEY SHOOT ONE MILLION PARANORMAL-FRYIN' VOLTS OF HIGH OCTANE JUICE.

THEY HEAT-SEEK IN ON ABNORMAL DNA AND FRY FROM WITHIN.

NOW BE A GOOD BOY AND GRAB THAT AX. GIVE ME AN *ENTRANCE.*

YES, MISS EARP!

CRASSSH!

FRANK, LOOK WHO'S CRASHING OUR PARTY!!

DEATH FROM ABOVE!!

YOU SAID "CRASH." YOU ARE TOO DAMN FUNNY, BOB EARL!

OOOH... LOOKIE... SHE'S GOT BIG GUNS POINTED AT US.

YEAH, GO AHEAD... SHOOT. BLOW UP NOW OR WHEN WE HIT THE THE GROUND. HARAAAH!

HUMMMMM

OH, NO...

RAAAAAT

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DAAAMN!

YOU FRIGGIN' MICROWAVED HIS ASS!

THAT'S RIGHT, BOB EARL. YOU'RE GONNA BE THE *NEXT* TV DINNER I NUKE IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT I *SAY.*

COMPRENDE?

SI, SENORITA... SI!

I TAKE IT YOU'VE GOT A PLAN?

YUP! GREMLINS, LIKE BOB EARL HERE, CAN *TELEPORT* GREAT DISTANCES... EVEN WITH EXTRA *BAGGAGE.*

HE'S GONNA TELEPORT THE THREE OF US TO SAFETY WITH NO FUSS OR FUNNY BUSINESS... OR HE'LL HAVE HIS GUTS SPRAYED ALL OVER THIS CABIN LIKE CHEAP PAINT.

I'LL EVEN THROW IN FREQUENT FLIER MILES.

OK, BOB EARL, SET YOUR GREMLIN GEAR FOR PHOENIX, ARIZONA... FOR ALL THREE OF US. I'M STARTIN' TO FEEL A LITTLE *FATIGUE* SET IN ON MY TRIGGER FINGER.

NOTHIN' FUNNY OR YOU ARE *FRIED.*

OKOKOKOKOK!

SHE'S GOT BOB EARL!

THIS DON'T LOOK GOOD.

WE'RE SCREWED!

LET'S GET GOING, YA PIECE OF *LINT!*

SORRY, FELLAS...

SHE'S A COLD HEARTED BIIIIITCH...

WELL, WE CAN FORGET ABOUT GETTIN' PAID FOR THIS JOB.

AT LEAST IT'LL BE A PRETTY CRASH.

DO WE HAVE TIME TO GET THOSE LITTLE BOTTLES OF BOOZE OFF THE PLANE, DOUGIE?

"SURE, BUT I GOT DIBS ON THE PEANUTS."

PHOENIX, ARIZONA... WELL, KINDA... THE OUTSKIRTS.

UUUMPH... I-I... I'M NOT *FEELIN'* SO GOOD.

TAAA DAAAA! PHOENIX!

YOUR AIM IS A LITTLE *OFF*... LIKE ABOUT 30 MILES.

WHIRRSH

BY THE WAY... I *HEARD* WHAT YOU CALLED ME ON THE PLANE.

LIGHTS OUT, YOU LITTLE TURD!

TELEPORTATION... NOT... GOOD... FEEL LIKE I'M GONNA...

UUGHH!

GEEZ, CHUCK. HERE! PUKE ON THE GREMLIN.

NO ONE WILL NOTICE THE SMELL THAT WAY.

UURKKK... UUUUGHHH....

I'VE GOTTA FIND US A RIDE.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. THE ESTATE OF CURLY BILL BROCIOUS.

HELL'S BELLS!

UH-OH...

GRAY HAIR! GRAY HAIR!

THIS IS THE *THIRD* ONE I'VE FOUND THIS WEEK!

GRAY HAIR?

YEAH... GRAY HAIR!

THINK, TOM... *IMMORTALS* DON'T *GET* GRAY HAIR!

IMMORTALS DON'T GAIN WEIGHT AND GET *FAT* EITHER, FRANK! LOOK AT THAT *GUT* YOU'VE BEEN GETTIN'.

DAMN... I THOUGHT IT WAS THE *SHIRT* THAT MADE ME LOOK FAT.

I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO TELL YA... THE BALANCE IS *SHIFTING!*

CRAAASH

THE LONGER EARP IS ALIVE THE *STRONGER* SHE GETS, AND WE CAN KISS OUR ETERNAL RIDE *GOODBYE!*

IKE?

I HATE TO PISS ON YOUR TENT, BILL, BUT THINGS HAVE JUST GOTTEN WORSE.

YEAH, I JUST GOT WORD... THE MARSHAL PLANE WENT DOWN, BUT EARP WASN'T IN IT. SHE GOT ONE OF THE GREMLINS TO 'PORT HER OFF BEFORE THE CRASH.

DAMMIT! I *KNEW* THOSE DRUNK HILLBILLIES WOULD MESS THIS UP!

SHE'S IN PHOENIX NOW. YOU CAN FIGURE SHE KNOWS THERE'S A CONTRACT OUT ON HER.

YOU WANT ME TO GIVE *HIM* A CALL NOW?

YEAH... BUT SHE STILL DOESN'T KNOW THAT *WE'RE* CONNECTED. SHE'LL FIGURE IT'S ALL THE DIFFERENT TRIBES TRYIN' TO SHOVE HER OFF THE STAGE.

NOPE. NOT YET. I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP SOME *REAL* FORCE. MAKE CALLS INTO ALL TERRITORIES.

YA WANT ME TO CALL IN A *DEMON BROKER* AS WELL?

NAW, THOSE *FANATICS* ALWAYS LET THEIR RELIGIOUS CAUSES MESS THINGS UP. I WANT SOME MONEY-MOTIVATED MUSCLE FOR THIS.

WE'LL SEND SOME OF OUR OWN BOYS TO HEAD IT UP AS WELL. CALL CREEPY PETE.

THIS EARP HAS *GOTTA* DIE.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA. U.S. MARSHAL HEADQUARTERS.

"WYNONNA, GLAD TO SEE YOU..."

...IN ONE *PIECE.*

I HEARD THAT DOUGIE AND HIS FACTION TRIED TO "LOSE YOUR LUGGAGE" PERMANENT-LIKE.

YEAH, AUSTIN. IT'S A GOOD THING THEY DRINK TOO MUCH, OR THEY MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN THE JOB DONE.

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT THERE HAS BEEN AN OVER ABUNDANCE OF PARANORMAL *ACTIVITY* AS OF LATE...

...AND MOST OF IT IS CLUSTERING AROUND *YOU.*

YEAH, HARD TO MISS. I'M FIGURIN' THAT THE VARIOUS TRIBES AND NATIONS ARE OUT FOR A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED MONSTER REVENGE.

I AGREE, WYNONNA, BUT I ALSO THINK THERE'S MORE BEHIND THIS.

"MUCH MORE."

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IKE CLANTON HAD CALLED FRANK AND TOM McLAURY TO THE ESTATE OF CURLY BILL BROCIUS.

THE WORD *URGENT* WAS AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

FRANK, WHAT DO YOU FIGURE THIS IS ABOUT? IKE SAID THAT CURLY BILL WAS A LITTLE ON THE INTENSE SIDE.

NOT REAL SURE, TOM. MY GUESS WOULD BE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT DAMN EARP WOMAN.

WELL, THERE'S IKE. GUESS WE'RE GONNA FIND OUT.

BETTER HURRY, BOYS. CURLY BILL IS WAITIN' INSIDE.

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, IKE? YOU SOUNDED PRETTY HOPPED UP ON THE PHONE.

IT'S ALL HIT THE FAN, BOYS.

CURLY BILL FOUND TWO MORE GRAY HAIRS IN HIS MUSTACHE THIS MORNING!

TWO?

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WEAPONS TECHNOLOGY DIVISION

AUTHORIZED ONLY

I.D. ACCEPTED!

U.S. COVERT MARSHAL HEADQUARTERS. PHOENIX, ARIZONA.

HEY! ANYBODY HOME?

SMITTY?

BLAAAM BLAAAM

SMITTY.

BLAAAM BLAAAM

...WYONNAV

WELL... LOOKEE THERE...

YA KNOW, BILL, THEY MAKE SOME HAIR COLOR STUFF JUST SPECIAL FOR MUSTACHES AND BEARDS.

YEAH, I'VE SEEN THAT AD ON TV LATE AT NIGHT.

NO, TOM, THAT WAS THAT GUY SPRAYIN' FAKE HAIR ON PEOPLE'S HEADS. HE DOES THAT POCKET FISHERMAN THING TOO.

BOYS...

IT AIN'T ABOUT COLORIN' GRAY HAIR, SPRAYIN' PAINT ON BALD HEADS OR DOIN' FISHIN' TRICKS.

IT'S ABOUT GETTIN' BACK TO THE BASICS. IT'S ABOUT KILLIN' EARP.

THEY SAY THAT TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN.

WELL, THAT'S THE *TRUTH.* TIME AIN'T WAITIN' FOR US. IT'S GOT A BALL BAT AND IT'S LURKING AROUND THE CORNER LOOKIN' TO CLUB US ALL IN THE HEAD.

NO MORE DEPENDING ON OTHERS TO DO OUR JOB. WE'RE GOIN' OLD-STYLE, BOYS.

GONNA WASH OUR HANDS WITH BLOOD... *EARP'S* BLOOD!

IKE, GIVE *HIM* A CALL. FILL HIM IN AND TELL TO MEET US... IN TOMBSTONE.

HIM? TOMBSTONE?

FRANK, GET ME A SPELLCASTER.

I COULD GET MADONNA. SHE DID GOOD LAST TIME WE USED HER.

HELL, NO. THAT OLD CRONE IS GETTIN' A LITTLE LONG IN THE TOOTH.

TOM, CALL CREEPY PETE AND TELL HIM TO ROUND UP SOME OF THE BOYS AND MEET US IN TOMBSTONE.

EARP IS IN PHOENIX. I'LL SEE THAT SHE FINDS OUT THAT TOMBSTONE IS THE PLACE TO BE.

MARSHAL HQ.

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YA AGAIN, KID. I HEARD THAT DOUGIE, BOB EARL, AND THOSE HAIRY LITTLE BASTARDS TRIED TO DO YA IN.

YEAH, WELL... YOUR ELECTRA-TECH PISTOLS KEPT THAT FROM HAPPENING, SMITTY.

SORRY TO BREAK UP THE REUNION, BUT THINGS HAVE PROGRESSED QUICKLY WITH THE COWBOYS.

"IT SEEMS THAT THE CITY OF TOMBSTONE HAS BEEN PLACED IN A **PARANORMAL RESISTANCE FIELD.** NOTHING CAN GET IN. LOCAL LAW HAS TRIED.

"NOT LONG AFTER THAT, TWO PEOPLE POPPED UP FROM FROM WITHIN TOMBSTONE.

"DATA CONTROL IDENTIFIED ONE AS MIMI SILVER, WELL-KNOWN AND SUCCESSFUL HOLLYWOOD AGENT.

"WE ALSO HAVE HER PEGGED AS THE SPELLCASTER WHO HAS THROWN UP THIS PARANORMAL TENT OVER TOMBSTONE.

"THE OTHER 'PERSON' IS KNOWN AS CREEPY PETE. HISTORICAL DATA SHOWS HIM AS CREEPY PETE BAXTER. ONE OF THE FIRST RECORDED SERIAL KILLERS, FROM THE LATE 1800'S. IMMORTAL, AND VERY ILL-TEMPERED.

"MIMI SILVER PRESENTED THE POLICE WITH A DOCUMENT, STATING THAT IF MARSHAL WYNONNA EARP DOES NOT COME TO TOMBSTONE TO MEET WITH THE COWBOYS, THEN THE WHOLE CITY- CITIZENS AND TOURISTS ALIKE- WILL BE **SLAUGHTERED** WITHOUT MERCY.

"BEFORE SHE AND CREEPY PETE VANISHED, THEY ALSO PRESENTED LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT WITH A HEFTY GARBAGE BAG THAT CONTAINED THE CUT UP REMAINS OF THE MAYOR OF TOMBSTONE.

"THEY CALLED IT THE FIRST **INSTALLMENT.**"

THE DOCUMENT WAS SIGNED "CURLY BILL BROCIUS."

I HAD DNA RESEARCH CHECK IT. IT WAS THE REAL DEAL.

YEAH, I'D SAY SO. MY LONG TIME HUNCH IS PROVIN' RIGHT.

WE'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR YEARS AND NOW HE'S COME TO US. HE MUST WANT ME DEAD REALLY BAD.

YOUR EVOLVIN' DNA IS MESSIN' WITH THEIR IMMORTALITY.

THE LONGER YOU LIVE, THE SHORTER THEY DO.

US MARSHAL

THAT MEANS THEY'RE ON A FAST TIME CLOCK. THEY WON'T HESITATE TO KILL THAT WHOLE TOWN.

SO I'VE GOTTA BE *QUICKER.*

NOW, HOLD ON. WE'VE GOT TO GET A PLAN AND A TEAM TOGETHER AND THAT WILL TAKE A LITTLE TIME.

WE–

WE DON'T HAVE THAT KIND OF *TIME,* AUSTIN. I'VE GOT A PLAN AND A TEAM... KINDA.

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TUCSON, ARIZONA.

LONE WOLF BAIL BONDS

LONE WOLF BAIL BONDS. OWNER, KENNY FELIX. PART TIME BOUNTY HUNTER... FULL TIME WEREWOLF.

YEP, WYNONNA, I'M ON MY WAY. NO PROBLEM.

WANTED

WANTED

WANTED

KENNY... THE WEREWOLF BOUNTY HUNTER? I KNOW HE'S YOUR FRIEND AND ALL, WYNONNA, BUT HE'S NOT GOVERNMENT *ISSUE*...

NEITHER IS THIS PARTICULAR SITUATION, AUSTIN. I TRUST KENNY 100%. I'M GONNA NEED TO THINK OUTSIDE THE GOVERNMENT AMMO BOX ON THIS ONE.

YOU WERE READIN' MY MIND, KID.

THESE BABIES SHOOT DIAMAINIUM DISKS. THEY'LL CUT THROUGH ANY IMMORTAL WITH NO PROBLEM...

...UNLESS YA *MISS*, OF COURSE.

AND LET ME GUESS... THEY'RE UNTESTED PROTOTYPES.

OH, NO... I'VE TESTED 'EM.

KINDA.

DAMN... THEY'VE SURE WHORED THIS PLACE TO THE TOURISTS...

YEAH, SOME THINGS DON'T IMPROVE WITH AGE.

REAL NICE WORK SO FAR, MIMI. I LIKE THE WAY YOU DO THINGS. BUT...

I NOTICED YOU LIKE THE WAY I *LOOK* AS WELL. YOUR EYES MOVE UP AND DOWN ON ME LIKE A *YO-YO.*

...THE BOYS HAVE A POINT, MIMI. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD CONJURE UP TOMBSTONE TO LOOK LIKE IT DID IN 1881... BACK WHEN *WE* RAN THIS TOWN?

BILL, I CAN GO ONE BETTER THAN THAT.

AUSSI MALLA FOOKA!

DAMN.

WOOOOOIIIIRSSSSH

OH, YOU'RE *GOOD*, MIMI. REAL GOOD!

YES, I AM. THAT'S WHY I ONLY REPRESENT THE VERY *BEST.*

BOYS, GATHER UP THE REST OF THE GANG.

GET THIS PLACE READY FOR COMPANY.

WHAT'S THIS, SMITTY... OR DO I REALLY WANNA *KNOW?*

REMEMBER WHEN I TOOK SOME OF YOUR SKIN TISSUE AND HAIR?

YEAH... YOU'RE NOT GONNA TELL ME YOU HAVE SOME SICK FETISH, ARE YOU?

AW, HELL NO... I NEEDED SOME OF YOUR *DNA.*

GO AHEAD... GIVE IT A SQUEEZE.

NOW THAT SOUNDED A LITTLE TOO SEXUAL FOR MY LIKING...

WHOA...

IT'LL WORK *ONLY* WITH YOUR DNA. IT'S DIAMAINIUM MIXED WITH THE LAST OF THAT METAL WE "DISCOVERED" AT THE ROSWELL CRASH IN 1947.

EXTRA NICE, SMITTY.

IT'LL CUT ANY TENSION THAT MIGHT COME UP.

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I TRAINED YA WELL ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT YOU'RE NOT GOIN' INTO TOMBSTONE BY THE BOOK.

CALLIN' KENNY WAS THE FIRST TIP-OFF.

YOU GOT *THAT* RIGHT.

I'M GOIN' IN WITH YA. NO BACKTALK EITHER. YOU'RE GONNA NEED A MAN OF MY PARTICULAR BACKGROUND FOR THIS.

YOU'RE ALSO GONNA NEED SOMEONE ELSE WITH SPECIAL TALENTS. I GOT THAT ONE FOR YA, TOO.

IT'S ON. MEET US ON LEVEL 5.

BRING YOUR GEAR.

WHO WAS THAT?

OH, A YOUTHFUL AGENT I'VE TRAINED. THIS ONE REMINDS ME OF *ANOTHER* YOUNG PUP I TAUGHT TO FETCH AND ATTACK.

AND THIS ONE HAS *IRONY* WRITTEN ALL OVER IT... YOU'LL SEE.

30 MINUTES LATER, IN PHOENIX.

THIS IS THE LAST OF IT, WYNONNA. I SEE YOU'VE GOT YOUR TOYS WITH YA.

YUP. WHERE'S THIS OTHER AGENT, SMITTY?

RIGHT OVER THERE.

MARSHAL EARP, PLEASE MEET MARSHAL DAY...

"...MARSHAL HOLLY DAY."

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MARSHAL EARP.

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO WORKING WITH YOU.

SMITTY SAID YOU'D SEE THE IRONY IN ALL THIS.

IF I KNOW SMITTY, HE PROBABLY HAD A MORE *COLORFUL* PHRASE FOR IT.

ONE THAT DEALS WITH A BLUE BRICK AND EXPELLING IT FROM ONE'S BUTTOCKS.

WOW, YOU REALLY *DO* KNOW HIM.

SMITTY, I TAKE IT THAT'S NOT YOUR *LUNCH* IN THE BAG...

NOPE.

IT'S OUR PARANORMAL TICKET INTO TOMBSTONE.

BOB EARL?

YUP! SOBERED UP AND *HOSED* CLEAN. YA WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MANY FLEAS THIS LITTLE TRIBBLE HAD ON HIM.

I ALSO HAD HIM INJECTED WITH A LITTLE IMPLOSION CHIP.

BOB EARL HAS GOT HIMSELF A GLAND THAT SECRETES A SPECIAL FLUID WHEN HE TRANSPORTS.

DAMN THING ITCHES WORSE THAN THE FRIGGIN' FLEAS!

I'VE LACED THAT GLAND WITH A STRAND OF DNA FROM THE THREE OF US. IF WE GET KILLED, BOB EARL BLOWS UP... FROM THE INSIDE OUT.

HE'S GONNA MAKE SURE WE GET WHERE WE NEED TO BE, AND *SAFELY.*

THIS REALLY SUCKS! EVERYBODY'S ALWAYS TRYIN' TO KILL HER... AND YOU... HELL, EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH BLOWS UP!

OH, THIS'LL BE REAL CUTE.

SOON...

AFTER THE ACTION KICKS IN YOU'RE GONNA TRANSPORT AS MANY OF THOSE PARANORMAL PUNKS OUT OF THERE AS YA CAN.

BOB EARL, YOU GET US *IN* THERE, ***UNDETECTED.*** I DON'T WANT US POPPIN' UP AS PIVOT MEN IN THE MIDDLE OF SOME MONSTER CIRCLE JERK.

REMEMBER... *WE* DEAD, *YOU* DEAD.

HELL... YA'D THINK THEY'D GIVE ME A BADGE OR SOMETHIN'. I'M DOIN' ALL THE WORK.

SHUT UP, BOB EARL.

UUGH... SHE'S HERE!

I FIGURE THEY KNOW *I'M* HERE IN THEIR OWN LITTLE PARANORMAL WAY.

I ALSO FIGURE Y'ALL ARE CLEAR. AT LEAST UNTIL YOU START TAKIN' 'EM OUT.

WE WORK OUR WAY TO THE O.K. CORRAL. THAT'S WHERE CURLY BILL IS GONNA BE. YOU CAN COUNT ON IT.

EVERYBODY TRY AND GET THERE IN ONE PIECE.

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY, POPEYE.

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"FORGET THE BULLETS. FOCUS ON BEING CALM."

CUT HER DOWN, SPENSE!

BLAMM

BLAMM

"PICK YOUR SPOT. FOCUS."

ONLY CUTTIN' HERE IS GONNA BE DONE BY ME.

"NOW!"

SWWWWIIISHHHTTT

AAAAARGH!

"GOOD."

WHOAAA...

THAT WAS A REALLY WEIRD OBI WAN KENOBI KIND OF MOMENT.

GGGRRRRRR

HUH?

THAT FANCY SWORD WON'T HELP MUCH WITH THREE-TO-ONE ODDS, MARSHAL.

OH, REALLY?

I LOVE BEATIN' THE ODDS.

OR IS IT THAT I JUST LOVE BEATIN' *ODDBALLS?*

HUUNK

UUUUGHHHH!

I THINK YOU JUST LIKE BEATIN' UP ON THINGS, KENNY.

GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT.

YEAH WELL... YOU'RE WELCOME.

I KINDA SNUCK IN WITH THE REST OF THE PACK. THEY THOUGHT I WAS JUST ANOTHER BAD GUY.

BOOOOOOOOOOM

UH, OH... SMITTY.

SMITTY? HE'S *LOOSE?*

AW, MAN... WE'RE ALL GONNA *DIE.*

BLAAAM

MAYBE SMITTY *WON'T* GET US ALL KILLED IF *HE* GETS DEAD FIRST...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

HE'S HAVIN' THE TIME OF HIS LIFE. I JUST WANNA GET THERE BEFORE HE KILLS 'EM ALL.

KILL THE FOOL!

ANYTHING TO SHUT HIM UP!

WHACK

HEY... DIDN'T I KILL YOU BACK IN '83?

THAT'S IT, YA LOW LEVEL FREAK SHOW...

COME GET SOME OF OL' SMITTY!

I *LOVE* THIS WORK!

BRRRDDAA

BRRRDDAA

HOLLY, YOU LEARN WELL.

BRAADDAA

BRAADDAA

THANKS, PROFESSOR!

US MARSHAL

I *DID* KILL YOU BACK IN '83!

THUNK

WHA—WHOA...

AAARGHHHH!

AARGHH...?

WHAT THE...?

THAT'S GONNA COST YA A CASE OF BEER, COWBOY.

STRIPPERS TOO?

HELL... I'LL THROW IN SOME PORK RINDS.

UH... WHERE'D YA SEND IT, BOB EARL?

AWW, YA REALLY DON'T WANNA KNOW.

YOU'RE RIGHT... WE *DON'T.*

LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU ALL HAVE CLEARED A PATH. WE KNOW WHERE THAT PATH LEADS.

YEAH, IT LEADS TO THE O.K. CORRAL, BESIDE FLY'S PHOTO SHOP.

LESTER HERE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO LET ME BEAT THAT OUT OF HIM.

IT SEEMS THAT CURLY BILL AND HIS BOYS ARE WAITING FOR YOU THERE, WYNONNA.

THERE'S SOMETHING *ELSE,* BUT LESTER IS MORE SCARED OF *THAT* THAN OF ME. HE CLAMMED UP TIGHT.

WELL, THIS *IS* SOMETHING THAT HAS BEEN BREWING FOR THE LAST 70-SOME *YEARS.*

I'M GOING DOWN THERE TO FINISH THIS UP, ONE WAY OR THE OTHER. NONE OF YOU ARE BEHOLDEN TO GO WITH ME.

US MARSHAL

WE APPRECIATE YOUR THOUGHTS, WY, BUT I TAUGHT YA BETTER.

WE'RE ALL GOIN' WITH YA.

UH... YEAAAH... RIIIGHT.

SHE *IS* GOOD, SMITTY. YOU TAUGHT HER *WELL.*

O.K. CORRAL

SHE'S COMING, BILL. SO ARE HER FRIENDS.

EVERYBODY IN PLACE. IT'S TIME.

IT AIN'T GONNA BE LIKE *LAST* TIME. THIS TIME WE'RE GONNA KILL 'EM *ALL*.

LET'S *FINISH* THIS.

HOW DEAD DO YA *WANT* 'EM?

ALL THE *WAY*, SMITTY.

ALL THE WAY TO HELL.

OOOWEEEE... LOOKEE AT THE *LAW DOG.*

SMITTY, KILL *THAT* MORON FIRST.

BUT SINCE THE DOG'S A WOMAN, DON'T THAT MAKE HER A BITCH?

MARSHAL EARP, I'M MIMI SILVER.

SINCE YOU'RE GOING TO *DIE* HERE TODAY, I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT WHEN YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE SWIMMING IN A POOL OF YOUR OWN *BLOOD...*

...I'M GOING TO–

SHUT UP.

THUNKK

I SEE YOU'RE JUST AS UNDERHANDED AND SURLY AS YOUR LONG-DEAD RELATIONS, GIRL.

LIKE MY ANCESTOR, I DON'T SUFFER FOOLS.

SO I SEE. WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' A LONG TIME FOR THIS. ME AND THE BOYS HAVE KILLED OFF MORE OF YOUR FAMILY THROUGH THE YEARS THAN YOU CAN COUNT.

AND NOW... WE GOT *YOU.*

YOU'RE WRONG ON *TWO* COUNTS, BILL.

I *HAVE* KEPT COUNT... AND YOU'RE *NOT* GONNA KILL ME.

AAAGHH! NOOOO!

HEAD SHOTS, HOLLY, HEAD SHOTS!

GOTCHA, SMITTY!

YYYAAAIII!

C'MERE, DEAD MAN!

AAAAACCK!

BLAMM

GONNA CUT YOU DOWN, OLD MAN!

UUUUGH! I... UUHH... AIN'T *OLD!*

BLAMM

YOU DON'T SHOOT, SMITTY, AND YOU DON'T *EVER* CALL HIM OLD!

BRAKADAA

YYAAAAGH!

UUUGH... CRUMMY PARANORMAL...

SHUSH, NOW, SMITTY... DOES IT *HURT?* ARE YA OKAY, YA BIG 'TARD?

UUH... YEAH, YEAH... I'M FINE, KID. TAKES MORE THAN A .45 TO KNOCK ME OUT OF MY GOOD MOOD.

UUuuuUGH!

USMARSHA

HOLLY!

NO!

BOOOOOM

WIIIIIIIII

DIE, DAMMIT! *DIE!!*

BLAMM

BLAMM

I TOLD YOU I'D BE BACK...

NO... NO... NOT *YOU...* NOT AGAIN... *NOOOO!*

AND I BROUGHT HELL WITH ME.

BLAAAM

UUH... WHOAA... THAT WAS REALLY.... STRANGE.

AT LEAST IT'S OVER.

IT *AIN'T* OVER, EARP!

WHO?

ME. *JOHNNY RINGO.*

YOU READY TO *DIE,* EARP?

JUST LIKE WYATT. IN YOUR SOUL YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T TAKE ME.

REVENGE, REDEMPTION, RESOLUTION... IT ALL ENDS HERE, TODAY.

YOU GONNA MAKE YOUR PLAY, OR *TALK* ME TO DEATH?

YOUR FIGHT'S WITH *ME,* RINGO.

CAN'T BE...

CARE TO TRY AGAIN, JOHNNY?

SO... YOU *DID* COME...

VIPPT

VIPPT

SHAAASSSH

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HE WAS *RIGHT.*

I *COULDN'T* BEAT HIM. *YOU* COULDN'T EITHER.

BUT *TOGETHER* WE COULD.

HERE... THIS IS *YOURS* NOW.

THANK YOU.

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WYNONNA... YOU OK?

HUH? OH, YEAH... I'M REAL GOOD. *NOW.* HOW 'BOUT YOU? YOU DON'T LOOK SO HOT.

I'M FINE. I *GAVE* MORE THAN I *TOOK.* CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR THE OTHERS.

IT'S SMITTY AND HOLLY.

NO.

OH, SMITTY... I... I'M SO SORRY...

AW, I'M FINE. BLEEDIN'S STOPPED FOR NOW. WENT CLEAN *THROUGH* MY LEG...

NO... I MEAN... HOLLY.

OH, YEAH... I FORGOT TO FINISH HOLLY'S FULL STORY OF IRONY...

OOUH... MMMMM... SMITTY.

HOLLY HERE IS AN *IMMORTAL*... HER MOM AND DAD WERE MEMBERS OF THE COWBOYS... BUT THEY WERE ON OUR SIDE.

OH, YEAH... AND WE'VE KINDA BEEN *GOIN' OUT.*

SMITTY... YOU DIRTY OLD MAN!

APPEARS THAT I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE.

HEY... I AIN'T THAT OLD.

SHE WAS COMIN' TO. I HAD TO GAG AND TIE HER BEFORE SHE STARTED THROWIN' SPELLS AROUND AGAIN.

YA KNOW... I COULD REALLY GET USED TO BEIN' A GOOD GUY... CAN I KEEP THE BABE HERE AS A REEEWARD?

GREMLINS NEED A LITTLE BAD LOVE, TOO.

UUGH... GET ME UP SO I CAN KILL HIM.

US MARSH

NO... YA CAN'T KEEP HER. SHE'S GOIN' TO JAIL. BUT I CAN ARRANGE THAT YOU JOIN HER, IF YA DON'T SHUT UP.

OOOOW! LEMME GO!

"WEAR IT WITH PRIDE."

I WILL.

HIS LEGEND.
HER LEGACY.
THEIR LAW.

THE END.

BLOOD IS THE HARVEST

THE WHEAT FIELDS OF BLACK CROW, KANSAS.

NO... OH, GOD... *NO!*

SOMETHING ODD, STRANGE... SOMETHING NOT RIGHT.

THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE SMELL OF NEW WHEAT...

...BLOOD...

SOMETHING HAS GONE TERRIBLY WRONG IN THIS FARM COMMUNITY...

PLEASE... NO... *NO!*

GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS... *WHEAT!*

OH, PLEASE... NO...

...AND DEATH.

THE CALL CAME IN TO MY DIVISION, THE BLACK BADGE DIVISION–COVERT U.S. MARSHALS.

FOUR DEAD FARM HANDS, ONE DEAD FARMER, AND WHAT THEY SAY IS A "HAUNTED" WHEAT FIELD.

THE LOCAL LAW CAN USUALLY HANDLE DEAD BODIES.

BUT HAUNTED WHEAT FIELDS ARE MY TURF.

MY NAME IS EARP.

MARSHAL WYNONNA EARP.

I'M THE LAW.

THE PARANORMAL LAW.

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PARDON ME, I'M MARSHAL EARP ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT. WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?

THAT'D BE ME—SGT. WATTS.

THE WAY I HEAR IT, YOU'VE HAD FIVE MURDERS HERE. ALL DIFFERENT TIMES. WITH EACH DEATH, THE WHEAT GROWS TALLER.

YEP.

ALL THE FARM EQUIPMENT USED TO HARVEST THE WHEAT WILL NOT WORK WITHIN A HUNDRED FEET OF THE WHEAT FIELD. THEY JUST SHUT OFF.

HMM, I SEE.

THE FARMER THAT OWNS THIS PROPERTY AND FOUR HIRED HANDS WERE ALL KILLED TRYING TO GET OUT OF THE WHEAT FIELD. ONE WAS SMOTHERED, REST WERE HACKED UP WITH A SCYTHE.

YOU'RE JOKIN', RIGHT?

YEP, HAUNTED WHEAT FIELD ALRIGHT.

NOPE.

I'M GONNA NEED A HISTORY OF THIS PROPERTY GOING BACK AS FAR AS POSSIBLE. CAN YOU MAKE THAT HAPPEN?

UH, YEAH... I GUESS SO, MARSHAL.

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LATER THAT EVENING.

I FIGURED AS MUCH.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO ON THIS FARM, A FAMILY WAS HACKED UP BY AN INSANE FARM HAND. KILLED 'EM ALL IN THE WHEAT FIELD.

AND YOU THINK THAT MAKES THIS WHOLE THING HAUNTED?

YEP. I'D BET A BOX OF CREAM FILLED DOUGHNUTS ON IT, SGT. WATTS.

BLAAAAAM

LOOKS LIKE THE PARTY'S STARTED.

BLAAAAAM

WHAT THE HELL?

FRANK, WHAT'S GOING ON? WHO'S FIRING SHOTS?

IT WAS GARCIA. SOMEONE IN THE WHEAT TRIED TO HACK OFF HIS ARM WITH A SCYTHE!

SOMEONE... SOMETHING TOOK A SWIPE AT ME!

LOOKS LIKE THIS ISN'T GONNA WAIT UNTIL DAYLIGHT.

DOESN'T ANYONE KNOCK OFF LIQUOR STORES ANYMORE?

WHAT'S YOUR MANUAL ON HAUNTED WHEAT FIELDS SAY TO DO NEXT, MARSHAL?

WE DO LIKE THEY DO IN ALL THE TEEN SLASHER MOVIES, SERGEANT.

YOU AND I WALK INTO THE WHEAT FIELD AND SEE IF WE CAN GET WHOEVER IS SWINGIN' A BLADE TO TRY AND KILL US.

YOU'RE KIDDIN', RIGHT?

NOPE.

IT'S THE FASTEST WAY TO GET THE KILLER TO SHOW UP. DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE "TEENAGE BLOODBATH 4?"

SGT. WATTS, HAVE YOUR MEN SHOOT ANYTHING THAT COMES OUT OF THIS WHEAT THAT ISN'T US.

YOU BOYS HEARD THE MARSHAL...

DON'T SHOOT US!

JUST WHAT ARE WE LOOKIN' FOR... GHOSTS?

MOSTLY ANYTHING THAT TRIES TO KILL US, TROOPER.

OH, THANKS. THAT REALLY EASES MY MIND.

DANG FLASHLIGHTS ARE DYING. I JUST PUT FRESH BATTERIES IN THESE THINGS.

IT'S NOT THE BATTERIES, TROOPER. IT'S THE PARANORMAL.

WELCOME TO MY WORLD.

I FIGURE A MAN THAT INSISTS ON SMOKIN' NASTY CIGARS IS BOUND TO CARRY MATCHES ON HIM. AM I RIGHT, TROOPER?

YEAH, MARSHAL... I GOT SOME HERE.

GOOD. THANKS FOR THE LIGHT.

PLEASURE'S ALL MINE, MARSHAL.

AWW, MAN... WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

YOU DARE DAMAGE THE SACRED WHEAT?

FOR THAT YOU MUST DIE!

I KEEP TELLIN' YA, TROOPER...

THE PARANORMAL.

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BLAAAAM
BLAAAAM
BLAAAAM
BLAAAAM

YOUR BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT ON ME, FOOLS!

HE'S RIGHT, MARSHAL.

WELL, WE HAD TO GIVE IT A TRY, TROOPER.

OK, LEMME GUESS: YOU'RE THE EMBODIMENT OF THAT SERIAL KILLER FARMHAND WHO KILLED THAT FAMILY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO?

UH... NO.

IS THIS ONE OF THOSE "CRAZY KIDS AMONGST THE CORN" DEALS?

LOVELY THOUGHT, BUT NO.

OK, HOW ABOUT THIS IS A FORMER INDIAN BURIAL GROUND AND YOU ARE THE UNHOLY CARETAKER?

NO INDIANS... I'M AFRAID YOU'RE WRONG AGAIN.

THEN JUST WHAT ARE YOU?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU'RE TRYING TO MAKE THIS SO HARD.

I'M A DEMONIC WHEAT SCARECROW. I USE THE BLOOD OF MY VICTIMS TO MAKE MY WHEAT GROW AND PROSPER. IT'S REALLY SO SIMPLE.

THAT'S IT? A DEMONIC WHEAT SCARECROW?

NO CULT, NO ARMY OF CROWS THAT DO YOUR BIDDING, NO POSSESSED FARM EQUIPMENT?

WELL... UH... ERRR... NO. BUT HEY, THE FARM EQUIPMENT DOESN'T *WORK* HERE. *THAT* WAS ME.

DON'T WASTE ANY MORE BULLETS, TROOPER. NOT ON THIS LOSER.

LOSER?

YOU HEARD ME RIGHT... LOSER!

YEAAAGH!

I HAD THREE LAYOVERS GETTIN' HERE. AT A MINIMUM, I EXPECTED AN ARMY OF DRUID FARMERS.

GEEZ!

WEAAAAAAAAAGH!

C'MON, WATTS... THIS PLACE IS GONNA BURN FAST.

NEXT MORNING.

WELL, I CAN'T SAY THAT THIS WAS A DULL CASE, MARSHAL EARP.

IT *WAS* COMPARED TO MOST, TROOPER. YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW MUCH PAPERWORK THAT STRAW MAN IS GONNA COST ME.

HERE YA GO, TROOPER.

WHAT'S THIS FOR?

REMEMBER, I BET YOU SOME CREAM FILLED DOUGHNUTS.

ADIOS, TROOPER. BE SEEIN' YA.

THAT OUGHT TO BUY YOU AND THE BOYS A FEW DOZEN.

END.

THE YETI WARS

MOUNT MCKINLEY, ALASKA.

LATITUDE 63° 4' 10" NORTH.
LONGITUDE 151° 0' 13" WEST.

WATTS! WATTS! COME BACK. LOST YOUR SIGNAL.

U.S. MARSHALS

WATTS! WHERE THE HELL ARE YOU?

U.S. MARSHALS

HUFF... HUFF... OH, GEEZ... NO... NO...

SWOOSH

FUUUMP

OH... NO...

BRAKKKAAA
BRAKKKAAA

NOOOOOOOO!

WATTS! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

AAAAAAAUUUCK...

CRACK

GRRROOOWL

OH... HELL...

WHAAM

WHUUAAAGH!

WHAAM WHAAM WHAAM

UGGH!

WHUUUGH!

BAAAAAAMM

UUUUUUHHH...

UGHHHH... UHHH...

YEEEAAAAGHHH...

SCRUUUNNNAK

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THE OUTSKIRTS OF LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.

LATITUDE: 34° 05' NORTH.
LONGITUDE: 118° 22' WEST.

NO TRESPASSING

AUSTIN, WE'VE LOCATED DR. ROBIDOUX'S "THING MAKER" LAB AND HAVE A VISUAL.

PREPARING FOR ENTRY.

WHAT'S HE DOING, MARSHAL EARP?

MAKING THINGS.

WHAT KIND OF THINGS?

BAD THINGS.

VERY BAD THINGS.

THIS IS WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT.

ON MY SIGNAL...

MOVE!

CREEEEAAAAASH

CREEEEAAAAASH

RAAAAAGH HISSSSSS

WAAARGH WAAARGH

FEDERAL MARSHALS!

DROP YOUR WEAPONS! HANDS... ER... PAWS... WEBBED FINGERS... ON YOUR HEADS AND LIE ON THE FLOOR!

JUST GREAT.

BLAM

BLAM

INCOMING! THE WINDOWS!

BRUUUD

UUUUGHH!

YOU MEAN INCOMING DEATH FROM THE WINDOWS!

BRUUUD

YYAAAGH!

BLAM

BLAM

BLAM

CAN THE CHUCK NORRIS QUOTES, MARSHAL RYALL.

HIT LIVE TARGETS. WE NEED THE COMPUTERS.

WE'RE LOSING SECURITY!

RELEASE ALL THE SUBJECTS THEN DELETE THE FILES!

HISSSSSS HISSSSSS

SNOOORT... GRUNT... SNOOORT!

HISSSSSSSSSSSS!

RELEASE ALL THE WILD ANIMALS, TOO!

WE NEED THE INTERFERENCE SO WE CAN DELETE DR. ROBIDOUX'S FILES.

KLAAA-CHAAAANK

ROOOOAAR

YIPIPIPIIII

REAAAAAWWW

RAAAAAGH!

YAAAAAAAGH!

AAAAAAAGHHHHH!

WUAAAGH!

BRAKKKAAA
BRAKKKAAA

WUAAAGH!

GEEZ!

THEY'VE GOT ALL THESE ANIMALS HOPPED UP ON SOMETHING.

ROOAAAAAAGHH!

BLAM
BLAM

COME ON DOWN, TARZAN.

I PUT CHEETAH TO BED.

BLAM
BLAM
WE'RE GOING TO GET SOME PISSED-OFF LETTERS FROM PETA AND PAMELA ANDERSON FOR THIS.
YOU KNOW PAMELA ANDERSON?
BRAKKKAAA
BRAKKKAAA
HURRY!
OUR SECURITY TEAM IS DOWN. WE COULD BE NEXT!
I'M GOING AS FAST AS I CAN! THERE ARE SO MANY FILES...
THEY'RE COMING FROM EVERYWHERE!
BLAM
BLAM
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
PUT 'EM DOWN. THOSE TWO BRAINIACS ARE TRYING TO DESTROY THE FILES.
BRAKKKAAA
BRAKKKAAA
OH... NO...
WHAT? JUST HOLD ON ANOTHER MINUTE...

BRRAAAGH!

KREEARSH

SNORT! SNORT!

OHHH...

SNOOOORT!

OH... PLEASE... NO... NO... WHAT IS THE LAW? YOU REMEMBER... THE LAW... NOT TO BRING PAIN ON YOUR MASTERS...

I FED YOU... TOOK CARE OF YOU... I-I...

BRAAAAOOOWL!

YOU CHANGED ME... YOU HURT ME...

NOW... I HURT... YOU!

NOOOOOOOO!

BLADDAAAMM

YEEEAAARRAAAGH!

YOU HURT... ME... THE LAW...

WHAT IS THE LAW?

I'M THE LAW.

NOT THE LAW... RAAAAAAGH!

AM, TOO!

BLAM

BLAM

EARP!

DAMN... SHE'S...

SHE TOOK HIM OUT WITH HER...

MMMMPPH... GET THIS... HOG OFFA ME!

SHE'S ALIVE!

WORSE...

SHE'S PISSED OFF.

MMMPPH... NOW!

SORRY, MARSHAL EARP. WE THOUGHT YOU WERE... UH... WELL, EXPIRED.

WELL... NO... OF COURSE NOT, BUT THE SMELL IS A LITTLE RIPE...

DO I LOOK LIKE BAD DAIRY PRODUCT TO YOU, AGENT LEHMAN?

UH, HE MEANS THE DEAD BOAR MAN, MARSHAL EARP, NOT YOU.

MARSHAL EARP, THE LAST OF THE ANIMALS ARE BEING ROUNDED UP, AND THE REST HAVE BEEN CONTAINED.

THIS YOUNG LADY IS ONE OF DR. ROBIDOUX'S HEAD THINGMAKERS. I THINK WE MANAGED TO SAVE A GOOD AMOUNT OF THE COMPUTER WORK, AND I FIGURE SHE'LL FILL US IN ON THE REST.

IT ALL GOT... OUT OF CONTROL... THEY SAID IT WOULD HELP THE SICK... THEY SAID...

WHO ARE "THEY"?

THEY HIRED DR. ROBIDOUX... ALL OF US... TO MAKE THINGS BETTER... PROMISED TO FIX THINGS...

FOCUS. WHO ARE "THEY"?

OH... UH... YES... THE CONSORTIUM...

IMMORTALIS.

CRUUUUUNKK

DR. ROBIDOUX.

YOUR TRANSPORT AND EVERYTHING YOU NEED AWAIT. I'M VERY SORRY FOR THE ABRUPT DEPARTURE PLANS.

AW, HELL, MR. WANG, THAT'S OKAY. AIN'T THE FIRST TIME THE U.S. MARSHALS HAVE BUSTED DOWN MY FAMILY'S DOOR.

I RECKON IT WON'T BE THE LAST.

WYNONNA, I'VE GOT THE TECH TEAM COMING FOR THE COMPUTERS AND EQUIPMENT.

THE "CUSTODIANS" ARE ALMOST THERE AND WILL TAKE CARE OF CLEANUP.

WHAT ABOUT ROBIDOUX, AUSTIN?

PROPERTY OF VET TECH

"THE SATELLITE RE-IMAGER CAUGHT AN UNKNOWN CHOPPER LEAVING YOUR AREA AT EXTREMELY HIGH SPEED AN HOUR BEFORE YOUR BUST.

"FROM THE INFORMATION YOU GOT FROM THE LAB DOCTOR, IT APPEARS THAT THE CONSORTIUM ANTICIPATED OUR MOVE.

"SATELLITE HAD THE TRANSPORT MOVING NORTH TOWARD THE CANADIAN/ALASKAN BORDER BEFORE WE LOST SIGNAL.

"I CANNOT STRESS ENOUGH HOW WE DON'T NEED THAT HILLBILLY THING MAKER HOOKING UP WITH THE IMMORTALIS CONSORTIUM.

"IT COULD GET VERY, VERY UGLY."

FRANKENSTEIN BY MARY SHELLEY—

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MARSHAL EARP, TECH TEAM IS HERE. DIRECTOR TAYLOR SENT THIS FOR YOU WITH MOST EVERYTHING YOU'LL NEED.

IT'S BEEN DOWNLOADED, UPLOADED, AND SIDE-LOADED.

THANKS, BISHOP.

U.S. MARSHALS

THE IMMORTALIS CONSORTIUM, EH? THE BIGGEST FISH IN THE PARANORMAL POND.

THEY'RE THE TOP OF THE FREAK FOOD CHAIN. THE VAMPIRE NATION, THE LUPUS PACK, THE SPELLCASTERS. EVEN THE LOW-END ZOMBIES HATE THOSE GUYS.

YEAH, CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM.

IMMORTAL WITH ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO ACCUMULATE MONEY, POWER, AND TWIST THINGS THEIR WAY.

WHAT'S NOT TO HATE?

GET LEHMAN, FLINT, AND THE REST OF THE TEAM. I'LL CONTACT SMITTY AND A COUPLE OF OTHERS.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING NORTH.

SMITTY?

SMITTY?

UH... ARH... YEAH... GRUNT... I'M HERE.

EEEUW! YOU'RE NOT LIKE DOING... IT OR SOMETHING... ARE YOU?

AW, HELL NO. I'M... WORKING OUT.

I'D NEVER HAVE ANSWERED IF I WAS... GRUNT... "OCCUPIED."

THAT'D BE RUDE.

CRASH

WELL, DROP WHAT YOU'RE DOING, BRING YOUR LATEST TOYS, AND MEET ME AT THE AIRFIELD.

THE CONSORTIUM IS GETTING GOONED UP, AND WE'RE GOING NORTH AFTER THEM.

ARRGH... GRUNT... THOSE SNOBBY, IMMORTAL ASSHOLES.

EVERYBODY HATES 'EM.

I'M ON MY WAY, KID.

MY WORK HERE IS DONE.

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BEAR JAW, ALASKA.

FORMER U.S. MILITARY BASE "TUNDRA-10."

IT AIN'T A MOTEL 8.

I THINK YOU WILL BE PLEASANTLY SURPRISED, DOCTOR.

WE'LL GET YOU SETTLED, BUT FIRST I WANT YOU TO MEET YOUR NEW STAFF YOU'LL BE WORKING WITH.

OKAY, YA THINK SOMEBODY CAN FETCH ME A BEER, TOO?

INDEED, DOCTOR, THIS WAY.

HOW MANY ON THIS STAFF, WANG?

TWO OF THEM ARE IN THE FIELD AT THE MOMENT.

THE OTHER THREE ARE HERE WAITING TO MEET YOU.

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WELCOME TO ALASKA, DR. ROBIDOUX.

SHIT THE BED...

LA MESA, CALIFORNIA.

LATITUDE 32.768.
LONGITUDE 117.021.

SAM BRADY ADAMS CARGO COMPANY. EST. 1918.

"PISS!"

SAM BRADY ADAMS CARGO COMPANY 1918

"LET'S SEE, LATE EXCUSE #12-SAVED ORPHANS FROM A BURNING BUILDING..."

"NAWW, UH, LATE EXCUSE #17-PULLED A LOAD OF OLD FOLKS FROM WRECKED CHURCH BUS..."

"NOPE. LATE EXCUSE #54-HELPED RETAIN THE VIRTUE OF A VEGAS SHOWGIRL IN CAREER DOUBT... HELL, SHE'LL NEVER FALL FOR THAT ONE."

"PISS!"

"MAYBE I OUGHTA JUST LIE."

WHERE'S SMITTY?

ALL RIGHT, OKAY, I WAS DRINKIN' IN A LOWER COMMON DENOMINATOR, DIVE OF A BAR, BUSTIN' HEADS AND FLIRTIN' WITH A WAITRESS HALF MY AGE.

HMMM... THE TRUTH. HOW CREATIVE, SMITTY.

AT LEAST HE DIDN'T BLOW ANYTHING UP.

YET.

OKAY, BOYS, GIRLS, AND OUR OVERAGE DELINQUENT, WE HAVE ONE DR. BILLY JOE ROBIDOUX.

HE'S THE MOST BRILLIANT DNA SCIENTIST, SURGEON, ANTHROPOLOGIST, AND MANIPULATOR OF DNA THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

HE IS A SOUTHERN-FRIED GUMBO OF DR. JOSEF MENGELE, DR. FRANKENSTEIN AND RUNS A REAL-LIFE VERSION OF "THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU."

AFTER WE SHUT DOWN ROBIDOUX'S RECENT FREAK FACTORY, HE WAS HIRED BY THE IMMORTALIS CONSORTIUM AND TRANSPORTED TO A REMOTE STATION IN BEAR JAW, ALASKA.

THIS BAKES UP FOR ONE VERY DISTURBING CREEP-FILLED CUPCAKE.

IN RECENT YEARS IT'S BEEN THE GOAL OF THE IMMORTALIS CONSORTIUM TO UNITE THE VARIOUS NATIONS AND WARRING FACTIONS OF THE PARANORMAL CRIME WORLD.

THEY WANT A MORE COHESIVE ORGANIZATION OF CRIME AND POLITICAL POWER.

Witches & Warlocks

Chupacabra Clan

Gremlins Alliance

Egyptian

Gill Men

WITH THE IMMORTALIS CONSORTIUM IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT, OF COURSE.

THE BIGGEST SPEED BUMP FOR THE IMMORTALS IS THE VAMPIRE NATION, HEADED UP BY C.D. FARNSWORTH, CEO OF DYNACORE, THE SECOND-LARGEST COMPUTER COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY IN THE WORLD.

HMMPH! THEIR VIDEO-CHAT SOFTWARE SUCKED.

SMITTY, YOU USED VIDEO-PORN CHAT RUN BY VAMPIRES. IT'S SUPPOSED TO SUCK.

HOLLY DAY, THAT HURT LIKE A KICK TO THE CROTCH.

MY FEELINGS ARE CRUSHED.

SMITTY, I MAY HAVE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, BUT MOTHER NATURE CRUSHED YOUR CROTCH YEARS AGO.

OKAY, HOLLY, YOU'VE BEAT THAT DEAD HORSE ENOUGH.

LET'S GET BACK TO THE UNDEAD.

C.D. FARNSWORTH HASN'T WARMED UP TO THE IMMORTALS'S "CAN'T WE ALL GET ALONG AND KILL HUMANS" SPEECH.

TRUCES, TRICKS, OR TREATIES ISN'T A PART OF THE VAMPIRE NATION'S GAME PLAN.

FARNSWORTH HAS BEEN USING DYNACORE'S RESOURCES TO TRY AND DISCOVER A MEDICAL BREAKTHROUGH BY USING THE BLOOD OF IMMORTALS TO GIVE VAMPIRES A ONE-SHOT TICKET TO IMMORTALITY.

BUT THEY ALSO NEED TO DABBLE WITH IMMORTAL DNA TO ACHIEVE THEIR GOAL.

THAT'S WHERE THE SICK HICK ROBIDOUX COMES IN.

FROM THE FILES WE MANAGED TO RECOVER FROM THE RAID ON ROBIDOUX'S FREAK FACTORY, IT APPEARS THAT THE DOCTOR COULD POSSIBLY BE DOUBLE-CROSSING THE CONSORTIUM BY WORKING FOR THE CROSS-HATERS.

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT OURSELVES A PARANORMAL RANGE WAR.

I AIN'T HAD A BETTER PRESENT SINCE MY FIRST CHEMISTRY AND TAXIDERMY KIT AS A KID.

CAN'T SAY OUR FAMILY CAT WAS THRILLED ABOUT ME GRAFTING A ROOSTER HEAD ON IT.

BUT YA GOTTA TAKE ONE FOR THE SCIENCE TEAM NOW AND THEN.

DR. ROBIDOUX, THIS... IS...

I KNOW THIS FELLA.

MAXIM KRUTOV. THE BIGGEST DOG IN THE IMMORTAL YARD. PARDON ME IF I DON'T SHAKE YOUR HAND, BUT I HEAR YOU HAVE A HABIT OF CRUSHING ANYTHING LESS THAN TITANIUM.

I UNDERSTAND THE NEED TO PROTECT SUCH SKILLED HANDS, DR. ROBIDOUX.

I WILL BE MOST PLEASED TO SEE THOSE SKILLS AT WORK.

OUR BUSINESS DEAL WILL BE A GREAT BENEFIT TO ALL PARANORMAL.

UHHH... YEAH... FRIENDS WITH PARANORMAL BENEFITS...

NORTH LEAVING THE CALIFORNIA STATE BORDER AT 170 KNOTS.

U.S. MARSHALS

U.S. MARSHALS BOEING CH-47 CHINOOK TRANSPORT. MODIFIED FOR EXTREME WEATHER, COMBAT, AND RUGGED TERRAIN.

AS YOU CAN SEE, SMITTY HAS MODIFIED ALL YOUR WEAPONS FOR PARANORMAL COMBAT.

CAPACITY TRIPLED, ROUNDS PER SECOND TRIPLED, SPECIAL HOUSING, AND RECOIL ADJUSTMENTS MODIFIED TO USE THE EXTREME GRAIN LOAD.

THIS IS ALL GREAT, WYNONNA, BUT DID ANYBODY... FIELD TEST SMITTY'S WORK?

YOU MEAN WILL THEY BLOW US TO SHIT?

AW, HELL, YEAH, I TESTED 'EM.

WHAT DO YOU THINK BROUGHT DOWN THAT PACK OF WEREWOLVES THAT HAD THAT THREE-STATE CRIME SPREE LAST MONTH?

YOU FRAT BOYS WHINE IF YOUR WEAPONS AIN'T HOOKED UP TO AN X-BOX OR WHATEVER ARCADE GAME YOU KIDS ARE PLAYIN' THESE DAYS...

HEAD WEAPONS TECH AND YOU CARRY SOME SORT OF... JOHN WAYNE RIFLE?

NOT TO MENTION A REVOLVER THAT'S EVEN OLDER THAN BOTH OF US PUT TOGETHER?

YOU HALO-WORSHIPIN', SNOT-NOSED PUNKS DON'T KNOW A THING.

THIS IS A SMITH & WESSON MODEL 1917, N FRAME .45 ACP REVOLVER. A MAN-STOPPER.

AND THIS IS A STAINLESS STEEL, MARLIN 1895 LEVER-ACTION RIFLE THAT SHOOTS EXTRA-LARGE 45-70 GOVERNMENT AMMO.

THIS, BOYS, IS A MONSTER-STOPPER.

YESSIR!

WHAT'S GOING ON BACK THERE, WYNONNA?

OH, SMITTY AND THE BOYS ARE HAVING AN ORDNANCE PISSING CONTEST.

HAVE YOU GOT A LOCATION AND TOUCHDOWN TIME FRAME FOR ME?

"LOCATION IS 10 MILES FROM BEAR JAW. OUR TRANSPORT OUTPOST IS THERE.

"WE'LL BE SETTING DOWN IN ONE HOUR."

GOOD.

I REALLY NEED TO SHOOT AT SOME BAD GUYS.

BEAR JAW. THE TUNDRA-10 STATION.

JUNKENOV, YOU ARE LATE. PROBLEM?

WE DISCOVERED UNITED STATES MARSHALS, MAXIM. TWO OF THEM.

PROBLEM?

NOT NOW.

THEY ATE THEM.

DOCTOR, I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE THE LAB THAT WE HAVE PROVIDED FOR YOU, YES?

UH... YEAH... SURE. THE LAB.

JUNKENOV IS THE HANDLER FOR OUR YETI FRIENDS. HE WILL SHOW YOU TO THE LAB.

THE REST OF YOU I WANT TO DOUBLE SECURITY AROUND THE STATION.

I SENSE THE UNINVITED.

WYNONNA, I THOUGHT THERE WAS A TRANSPORT STATION OUTPOST HERE?

THERE IS, HOLLY.

I JUST LOVE THIS PART.

CLICK MEEEEP

VAARIIIIIMM

RIGHT OUT OF THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.!

MAN FROM... WHAT?

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. TV SPY SHOW, SEPTEMBER 1964. NAPOLEON SOLO. GEEZ!

I WASN'T EVEN BORN YET, YOU OLD GOOFBALL.

I AIN'T OLD.

ARE.

ARE, TOO.

AIN'T.

AIN'T.

AND A GOOFBALL!

GET A ROOM, YOU TWO.

OH, I FORGOT... YOU TRIED THAT.

CLICK

LET'S SEE WHAT WE'VE GOT HERE...

THESE OUGHTA DO.

OH... YEAH...

U.S MARSHAL

U.S. MARSHAL

AWESOME!

I WILL LET YOU GET SETTLED AND ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR LABORATORY, DR. ROBIDOUX.

I HOPE THAT YOU WILL FIND IT SATISFACTORY FOR YOUR NEEDS.

BETTER THAN A CASE OF GREY GOOSE, BUD.

YES, I UNDERSTAND THAT WELL.

I WILL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR LAB. I MUST SEE THAT THE YETI ARE CLEANED UP AND DEBRIEFED.

YEAH, HUMAN TISSUE CAN BE A REAL BITCH FLOSSING OUT BETWEEN FANGS.

TELL "THE SNOW PATROL" I'LL SEE 'EM LATER AND THAT I BOUGHT ALL THEIR CDS. ADIOS, MUCHACHO.

SHUMP

AAAARRH...

HMMPH... DAMN NASTY SHIT!

SILICON VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DYNACORE TECHNOLOGY.

DYNACORE TECHNOLOGY

ENAMEL TRACKER HAS BEEN ENGAGED.

Arctic Ocean

Alaska

Canad

Bethel

Juneau

Sitka

ering Sea

Pacif

SIR...

MR. FARNSWORTH, DR. ROBIDOUX IS IN AND HAS LOGGED IN WITH THE TRACKER.

WE HAVE PINPOINT LOCATION AND MOVEMENT.

PERFECT.

HAVE A TEAM IN STANDBY-READY AND WE'LL SEE HOW THIS PLAYS OUT.

CCNS LIVE

BISHOP, LOOK UP AHEAD IN THAT CLUSTER OF TREES.

LOOKS TO BE SOMETHING. POSSIBLY A VEHICLE.

GOT THAT, MARSHAL EARP. HEADING THAT WAY.

US. MARSHAL

US. MARSHAL

THAT'S OURS. THE SCOUT TEAM WE LOST CONTACT WITH.

MARSHAL EARP, NO BODIES IN HERE. LOTS OF EXTERIOR DAMAGE. DOORS PULLED OFF.

U.S. MARSHAL

LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE OPENED IT UP WITH THE JAWS OF LIFE.

I DON'T THINK SO...

MORE LIKE THE JAWS OF DEATH.

YETI.

PLURAL.

EXTRA LARGE.

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DR. ROBIDOUX IS A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, MAXIM.

YOU TRUST HIM?

KISS THE COOK'S ASS

OF COURSE NOT, SASHA.

ROBIDOUX IS A PSYCHOPATH. I DO NOT TRUST HIM WITHIN MY EYESIGHT, LET ALONE OUT OF IT.

THERE IS NO ONE ELSE ON HIS LEVEL OF SUPERB, BUT PSYCHOTIC ABILITY.

YOU, MY DEAR SASHA, ARE CLOSE, BUT HE IS THE TIGER WOODS OF THE FREAKISH FAIRWAY.

KISS THE

YOU WILL WORK CLOSELY WITH HIM AND ACQUIRE THE MEDICAL INFORMATION WE NEED.

I WANT YOU IN HIS LAB, IN HIS HEAD...

AND IN HIS BED?

WHATEVER "EXPERIMENT" YOU HAVE TO PERFORM.

I UNDERSTAND, MAXIM. I WILL BE THOROUGH... AS ALWAYS.

THE WAY THE TISSUE WAS RIPPED AND THE MARKS ON THE BONES INDICATE THAT THESE MARSHALS WERE... EATEN.

THAT'S WHAT YETI DO, KID, AND NOT WITH A LOT OF MANNERS, I MIGHT ADD.

I'VE GOT TO MAKE A CALL.

U.S. MARSHAL

ONE YETI AND A FEW RUSSIAN IMMORTALS WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HANDLE.

BUT FOUR, MAYBE FIVE YETI AND POSSIBLY A SMALL ARMY OF "THE NEVER DEAD," WE'RE GONNA NEED SOME BACKUP.

SOME VERY BIG BACKUP.

NOBODY EATS U.S. MARSHALS ON MY WATCH.

DR. ROBIDOUX, THIS IS DR. SASHA TARASOV.

SHE IS THE CONSORTIUM'S TOP SCIENTIST IN THE FIELD OF ANIMAL DNA AS WELL AS THE PERSONAL PHYSICIAN TO THE YETI TEAM.

SHE WILL BE ASSISTING YOU.

I AM VERY PLEASED TO FINALLY MEET YOU, DR. ROBIDOUX. I AM IN AWE OF YOUR ROGUE SCIENTIFIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

NOW SASHA, HONEY. TOSS OFF FORMALITIES AND ANYTHING ELSE THAT'LL MAKE YA COMFORTABLE.

I RUN A VERY LAID-BACK LAB. WITH EMPHASIS ON "LAID."

I SEE THAT YOUR SCIENTIFIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARE NOT THE ONLY ROGUE PART ABOUT YOU.

I DO LOVE TALKIN' BODY PARTS.

I WILL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR "WORK," DOCTORS.

PLEASE KEEP IN MIND THE SAYING "MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO."

YETI ARE QUICK LEARNERS AND MIMIC WHAT THEY SEE, DR. ROBIDOUX.

OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK. WASHINGTON STATE. U.S.A.

LONGITUDE: 124 DEGREES 40'.30" W.

LATITUDE: 48 DEGREES 16'00.012" W.

HOME OF DONOVAN JONES. U.S. DEPARTMENT OF FISH AND WILDLIFE COVERT OPERATIONS.

THE BUREAU HAS GOT A TRANSPORT ON THE WAY HERE TO PICK UP ME AND THE BOYS, WYNONNA. I'VE GOT YOUR COORDINATES.

BUT TELL ME...

DID YOU HAVE TO SCARE UP A PACK OF YETI JUST TO SEE ME AGAIN?

HEY! IS THAT ANY WAY TO TALK TO A COVERT AGENT OF U.S. DEPARTMENT OF FISH AND WILDLIFE?

MAYBE I SHOULD BRING A BAR OF SOAP TO WASH OUT THAT PRETTY MOUTH OF YOURS.

MAKE SURE YOU TELL SMITTY THAT CHUCK WANTS THAT CASE OF BEER AND TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS HE OWES HIM.

SEE YOU SOON, WY.

OKAY, GUYS. LET'S GET PACKED UP.

WE'RE GOING TO ALASKA TO KICK SOME YETI ASS!

DUKE.

CLINT.

BRONSON.

CHUCK.

Heineken

PIZZA ROMA

Kentu Fried

SNOW IS STARTING TO COME DOWN HARD.

WYNONNA, TELL ME YOU DIDN'T JUST CALL IN DONOVAN JONES AND HIS MISFITS OF SCIENCE.

YEP, SURE DID, SMITTY.

YOU KNOW BETTER THAN ANYONE THAT WE'RE GOING TO NEED THEM FOR THIS.

WELL, YEAH... BUT...

BUT WHAT?

I KINDA OWE CHUCK SOME MONEY... AND SOME BEER.

WHO DON'T YOU OWE MONEY TO, GRANDPA?

YOU SHOULD KNOW BY NOW YOU CAN'T BEAT HIM IN POKER, SMITTY. BOW TO THE BETTER MAN.

HE AIN'T NO MAN. HE'S A CARD-CHEATING MISSIN' LINK.

IT'S THAT SIGN LANGUAGE THEY ALL USE. THEY CHEAT IN CODE OR SOMETHING.

SMITTY... DRIVE.

GRUUUNT.

TIME TO REST. GO TO THE OTHERS. I WILL SEE YOU TOMORROW.

AMAZING. JUST FRIGGIN' AMAZING.

I TAKE IT YOU ARE HAPPY WITH THE DEAL YOU HAVE MADE WITH THE CONSORTIUM, YES?

AS A FINE YOUNG WOMAN OF SCIENCE, YOU KNOW I AM.

THE BLOOD WORK READINGS ON THE YETI IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ME SPORT WOOD.

IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO WASTE THIS WOOD WITHOUT TOSSING IT INTO A FIRE, DR. ROBIDOUX.

THAT IT WOULD, DR. TARASOV.

AND DO CALL ME BILLY JOE.

AND I, SASHA.

REMOVE THE SECRETS FROM HIS HEAD, SASHA.

DO THIS AND WE WILL OWN THE PARANORMAL AND HUMAN WORLD FOREVER.

TO BE CONTINUED...

SMITTY, THE CONSORTIUM WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY. THEY'RE GOING TO KNOW WE'RE COMING.

"WEREN'T BORN YESTERDAY" IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT, WY.

BY A FEW THOUSAND YEARS.

THEY MAY KNOW WE'RE COMING, BUT THEY DON'T KNOW WHEN.

OUR JAMMER WILL PISS ON THEIR RADAR ENOUGH TO LET US GET CLOSE.

LAT: 151

BY THEN IT'LL BE TOO LATE AND WE'LL BE PITCHIN' TENT POLES UP THEIR BUTTS.

U.S. MARSHAL

BAD VISUAL! BAAAAAD VISUAL!

PROBABLY NOT THE WORST WE'LL SEE TODAY.

"SCANNING FOR BLIPS, SEEMS TO BE SOME RADAR HAZE. COULD BE FROM THE STORM."

POSSIBLE.

INTRUDERS COULD ALSO BE DISRUPTING OUR PATTERN SCANS.

I WANT FORCE TEAM-1 TO BACK UP PERIMETER SECURITY.

HAVE JUNKENOV PREP THE YETI FOR THE FIELD.

TELL THEM THERE MAY BE A PICNIC.

YOUR "LAB SKILLS" ARE IMPRESSIVE, DR. ROBIDOUX.

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE "DN-LAY," DARLIN'.

AFTER THE WAY YOU PERFORMED THAT LITTLE "EXPERIMENT," HOW 'BOUT YOU JUST CALL ME BILLY JOE?

KISS TH- COOK'S ASS.

I LIKE TO KEEP WORK RELATIONSHIPS PROFESSIONAL. AFTER ALL, THE CONSORTIUM LIKES TO RUN A TIGHT OPERATION.

TRUST ME, YOUR OPERATION IS PLENTY TIGHT.

REEEEEP REEEEEP

OH, EXCUSE ME A MOMENT.

NO PROB, HONEY.

<YES, I UNDERSTAND. I AM ON MY WAY. I WILL SAY NOTHING TO HIM.>

YOU MUST PARDON MY RUSSIAN. I AM NEEDED ELSEWHERE, DR. ROBIDOUX.

I LOOK FORWARD TO CONTINUING OUR EXPERIMENT SOON.

YEAH... THERE'S MORE THAN ONE TEST TUBE THAT NEEDS FILLIN' BEFORE MY EXPERIMENTIN' IS DONE.

THERE'S A CLUSTER OF ACTIVITY GOING ON DOWN THERE. THEY DON'T KNOW WE'RE HERE, BUT THEY'RE PREPPING JUST THE SAME.

WE'LL GO IN ON FOOT FROM THE RIGHT. BISHOP AND HIS CREW CAN TAKE THE LEFT.

WE'LL USE THE STORM FOR AS MUCH COVER AS WE CAN.

1.4 M

40 MPH

EVEN IF WE GET IN CLOSE, THERE'S NO WAY THIS IS GONNA BE A SILENT ENTRY.

WE'RE GONNA NEED A TIMED DIVERSION.

>GROAN< "TIMED DIVERSION"?

WYNONNA, EVERY TIME HE SAYS THAT SOMETHING BLOWS UP.

IT'S ALL RIGHT, HOLLY, PROVIDED SMITTY BLOWS UP THE RIGHT THING.

WE'LL STILL TAKE IT BY FOOT. WITH SMITTY'S DIVERSION, BISHOP AND HIS CREW CAN SNOW JET IN FROM THE LEFT USING ITS HEAVY ORDNANCE.

IN FACT... SMITTY... DO YOU THINK YOU CAN CONJURE US UP TWO DIVERSIONS?

DOES A YETI CRAP IN THE SNOW?

ANOTHER BAD VISUAL.

STOP.

EASE UP, BUD, AND HAVE THE MALL COP HERE POINT HIS METAL PECKER SOMEWHERE ELSE.

WAIT! WAIT, GRUNNER. STAND DOWN! HE'S GOT CLEARANCE. LOTS OF IT.

THAT'S DR. ROBIDOUX. MAXIM'S SPECIALIST.

I DID NOT REALIZE. YOU ARE... THE SPECIALIST.

THAT'S RIGHT, KONG. "MAXIM'S SPECIALIST."

I MUST APOLOGIZE, DR. ROBIDOUX. MAXIM HAS PUT THE STATION ON HIGH ALERT. THE GUARDS WERE JUST DOING THEIR DUTY.

HIGH ALERT, EH? ANYTHING I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?

OH, NO... NO. JUST TIGHTENING THINGS UP BECAUSE OF THE STORM. UH, HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

I'M GONNA NEED SOME STORED BLOOD SAMPLES OF OUR BIG FURRY FRIENDS AS WELL AS SOME RANDOM NON-WOOKIE SAMPLES.

RANDOM SAMPLES... FROM OUR OWN SUPPLY? BUT I THOUGHT YOUR WORK WAS ONLY WITH THE YETI... I...

YOU THOUGHT WHAT, DR. GIGGLES?

I WAS BROUGHT HERE BY YOUR LEADER, MAXIM KRUTOV, TO DO STUFF HE MIGHT NOT WANT YOU TO KNOW ABOUT.

YOU WANNA CALL HIM AWAY FROM THIS "HIGH ALERT"? I'M GUESSIN' IF YOU DO HE'S GONNA WISH YOUR ASS TO THE CORNFIELD FOR QUESTIONING MY CLEARANCE...

YOU WANT THAT?

NO... NO... NO NEED TO DISTURB MAXIM. I-I UNDERSTAND. THIS MISSION IS BUILT UPON YOUR WORK.

NOW, WHY DON'T YOU AND YOUR STAFF MOSEY ON DOWN THE HALL FOR SOME COFFEE AND LET ME DO SOME GROCERY SHOPPING FOR MY YETI STEW, COMPRENDE?

OF COURSE, DR. ROBIDOUX. COFFEE WOULD BE GOOD RIGHT NOW. THAT'S REAL GOOD OF YOU TO SUGGEST THAT. REAL GOOD!

THAT'S RIGHT, DR. SEUSS, AND DON'T THINK ANY MORE OF THOSE BAD THOUGHTS.

I DON'T LIKE IT MUCH WHEN FOLKS THINK BAD THOUGHTS ABOUT ME.

MAXIM WANTS THE AREA READY FOR POSSIBLE ATTACK. WAIT HERE FOR EXTRA UNIT TO...

LEFT! ONE MILE!

BLAADOOM

RIGHT! ONE HUNDRED YARDS!

BLAADOOM

TREAT EVERY HOSTILE AS IMMORTALS. HEAD SHOTS PREFERRED.

NO OFFENSE, HOLLY.

NONE TAKEN, BOSS.

KER-CHACCK
KER-CHACCK
KER-CHACCK
EH?
BLAAAM
BLAAAM
BLAAAM
BLAAAM
I COUNTED THREE ON THREE.
WHO "SCORCHED EARTHED" THE FOURTH?
WHO DO YOU THINK?
IT WAS "MR. OVERKILL."
YOU CAN NEVER OVERKILL AN IMMORTAL, KID, NO OFFENSE.
NONE TAKEN.

COUPLE OF THESE WILL DO.

VETI#1

VETI#2

NOW FOR A LITTLE "FOREVER YOUNG" BLOOD FROM THE CONSORTIUM.

I'LL TAKE ONE OF THESE, ONE OF THOSE...

JUNKENOV

FEDOR

GRUNNER

JEEEACK POT!

TARASOV

KRUTOV

MAXIM AND SASHA.

MY MAIN INGREDIENTS.

AROOOOOOOOAROOOOOOOO!

SO MUCH FOR MY "SHOP 'TIL YA DROP."

TIME TO SCOOT.

APPEARS THERE'S MORE OF 'EM THAN WE FIGURED.

BISHOP AND THE TEAM SHOULD BE HERE IN A MINUTE, SMITTY.

LESS TALKING AND MORE HEAD SHOTS. I THINK HOLLY'S GOT YOU BEAT BY TWO.

BLAAAM

THAT'LL BE THE DAY.

WE ARE TAKING HEAVY FIRE FROM THE FRONT.

IVAN, I WANT YOU TO HIT ALL THE EXTERIOR STORM LIGHTS.

THEY CANNOT SHOOT WHAT THEY CANNOT SEE.

STORM LIGHTS

SLAANK

VAAAM

VAAAM

VAAAM

WHOAAAA! COVER!

WHUUUURRUUUMMMMM

KILL THEM ALL!

WHERE THE HELL IS BISHOP AND HIS...

SURROUND AND WIPE THEM OUT!

BRAAAAAOOOOOM

TAKE OUT THE FLOODLIGHTS!

BRAKKKAAA

BRAKKKAAA

PLAYING FIELD'S LEVEL AGAIN.

LET'S CRACK A NEW GAME ON THESE FREAKS.

THUUUMP

BRAAAAAAOOOOOM

MCGUINNESS, EVEN THOSE ODDS WITH THAT CANNON!

DONE AND DONE, BISHOP!

SECOND SERVING COMING UP...

REEAAAAAAAGH!

MAN DOWN!

WE'VE BEEN HIT! CANNON DISABLED.

RAAAAAAAGH!

YOU REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE FOREVER, DID YA?

BLAAM

CRAP! AMBUSH!

SMITTY, YOU AND HOLLY NEED TO COVER ME FROM KRUTOV AND HIS GOONS. I'VE GOT TO GET INSIDE AND SHUT THEM OFF FROM THEIR BASE.

BISHOP AND HIS TEAM WILL HAVE TO FLANK FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

I AIN'T NO MIRACLE WORKER, BUT WE'LL DO OUR BEST.

THAT IS UNLESS WE ALL END UP AS YETI CONFETTI.

LET'S TRY AND KEEP THAT FROM HAPPENING, GRANDPA.

I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN YA CALLED ME "DADDY."

BLOOOOM

BRAKKKAAA
BRAKKKAAA

BLAAM
BLAAM

HRUUUUUUM

OKAAAAY. STATION FULL OF IMMORTALS.

I'M GONNA NEED A BIT OF AN EDGE.

ONE OF THE PERKS IN WORKING IN THE BLACK BADGE DIVISION ARE THE VERY COOL TOYS.

HUUUUUUUM

SMITTY DEVELOPED THIS ONE USING SOME OF THE ALIEN MATERIAL FROM THE 1947 ROSWELL CRASH.

HE TIED IT INTO MY DNA SO THAT IT ONLY RESPONDS TO MY TOUCH AND MY WILL.

HUUUUUUM

IT'LL PRETTY MUCH CUT THROUGH ANYTHING, OR ANYONE.

BE THAT YETI OR IMMORTAL.

U.S. MARSHALS.

WELL, THAT JUST SUCKS.

SPEAKING OF "SUCKS"...

I BEST CALL FOR A TRANSYLVANIA SHUTTLE BUS OUTTA HERE.

THIS AIN'T SO AMUSIN' ANYMORE.

DR. ROBIDOUX, ON YOUR WAY BACK TO THE LAB?

UH, YEAH...

I FIGURE I BETTER SECURE EVERYTHING TIGHT WITH THIS UNEXPECTED DUST-UP GOING ON OUTSIDE.

PERHAPS WITH EVERYONE ELSE OCCUPIED YOU COULD ALSO MAKE SURE THAT I AM "SECURED" TIGHTLY, YES?

HMMMM, WELL, YEAH, THAT'S REAL KINKY OF YA TO OFFER AND ALL, BUT OL' MAXIM HAS MOVED THE SCHEDULE UP ON ME, YA KNOW?

DON'T WANNA HAVE THE BIG GUY PISSED AT ME. I FIGURE HE'S THE TYPE TO CARRY A GRUDGE FOR A FEW HUNDRED YEARS.

HOW 'BOUT WE BANG THE BOOTS A LITTLE LATER, SWEETHEART?

YES, OF COURSE... LATER...

I PROMISE... THERE WILL BE MUCH "BANGING."

ONE WAY TO END A TUSSLE...

...IS TO TAKE THE BIGGEST DOG OUT OF THE FIGHT.

HUURGH!

WHUUURUNG

JUST... FRIGGIN'... GREAT.

RRRRRRAAAAAGH!

WHOOOAAAAAAAAA CRAP!

RRRREEAAAUUUGH!

SHOW ME ALL THOSE TEETH 'CAUSE I'M GONNA KNOCK 'EM ALL OUT!

WHHHUUUUP!

UUUUUGH!

SHIT THE BED...

THAT'S JUST A REAL BAD VISUAL, SMITTY.

OH, AND CHUCK WANTS THAT TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS AND THE CASE OF BEER YOU OWE HIM.

GRRRRUNT.

GUURGLE... ACK!

YEAGH! THEY REALLY NEED TO FLAVOR COAT THESE DAMN THINGS.

DYNACORE TECHNOLOGY HEADQUARTERS.

MR. FARNSWORTH, ROBIDOUX'S EXTRACTION ALARM HAS BEEN IGNITED.

ALERT THE TEAM-1 FOR AN IMMEDIATE EXTRACTION OF DR. ROBIDOUX.

GET HIM BACK HERE AT ANY COST.

TO BE CONTINUED...

SMITTY, I'M IN.

I'VE DISABLED THEIR SECURITY SYSTEM. IT'S TIME TO FIND THAT PSYCHO ROBIDOUX.

WE'VE GOT QUITE A LITTLE PARTY ALREADY STARTED OUT HERE, WYNONNA. DONOVAN AND HIS "BOYS" ARE HERE AS WELL.

BLAM BLAM

GEEZ!

WE'LL TRY AND JOIN YOU AFTER WE DO A LITTLE "MEET AND BEAT" OUT HERE, WYNONNA.

DONOVAN'S BOYS ARE ALREADY "WORKING THE ROOM."

THE BOYS DO LOVE TO MINGLE.

OR IS THAT MANGLE?

FARNSWORTH'S HEMO-HUMPERS BETTER GET HERE PRONTO LIKE.

I SURE AS HELL DON'T WANNA GET CAUGHT IN THE CROSS-FIRE OF THIS RERUN OF TOMBSTONE.

I JUST WANNA GET OUTTA TOWN IN ONE RUGGEDLY HANDSOME PIECE.

EXTRACTOR ONE, THIS IS AIR HELL ONE, USE PATTERN 3D FOR PICK-UP.

FIFTY-EIGHT MINUTES TO EXTRACTION.

AFFIRMATIVE, AIR HELL ONE.

SIDEKICK US FOR EXTRACTION AND CLEAR US A PATH FOR PICK UP.

ONCE ROBIDOUX IS ON BOARD, TURN THIS PLACE INTO BAKED ALASKA.

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DAMN... IS IT DEAD?

DUKE, YOU CAN TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF IT'S NECK NOW.

BLOOOOM BLOOOOM BLOOOOM

YEAH.

FACEBOOK ABOUT IT LATER, BOYS. WE'VE GOT IMMORTALS AND THAT YETI'S COUSINS REALLY PISSED OFF.

YOU GOT A PLAN?

NOT YET, BUT YOU KNOW ME, THINKING UP ONE IS HALF THE FUN.

SECURITY SYSTEM DOWN, LET'S GO!

SWIIIIIIIIIFT

GUUUUURRGGLEEE...

WHAAA... ?

BLAM

YEAH, I'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE.

THEY HAVE A TRIBE OF BIGFOOT.

THEY HAVE USED THEM TO KILL ONE OF MY YETI!

THEN USE THE REST OF YOUR TEAM TO RIP THEIR "MONKEYS" APART, JUNKENOV.

I WILL SEPARATE THEM FROM THEIR HUMAN MASTER.

INCOMING!

BLAADOOM BLAADOOM BLAADOOM

I WILL KILL THE BEARDED ONE FIRST. HE TALKS TOO MUCH...

AND ANNOYS ME GREATLY.

GRUUUNT...

REEEAAAAAGH!

RRRROOAAARRRHHH!

GRRRAAAGH!

WHUUUGH!

GRRAAAGH!

WHUUUNK

WHOOOMP

YUUUUGH!

RROOOOAAAARGH!

GUUUURRRGGGLE!

TIME TO LOCK THIS BOX DOWN.

Master Control Room

BLAM

BLAM

SSSSSLAAASSSH

Control

NO ONE GETS OUT WITHOUT ASKING.

NO ONE GETS IN WITHOUT KNOCKING.

HRUUUUUUM

CLANK

CLANK

HRUUUUUUM

CLANK

APPEARS THAT ROBIDOUX IS HEADING FOR A ROOFTOP VIEW.

PERHAPS I SHOULD JOIN HIM.

ROOAAAARGH!

WHUUUGH!

REEAGH!

UUUGH!

REEAAGH!

ROOOAAAGH!

SSSSLAAAASSH

WUUUUAGAAAGH!

ROOOOAAR!

SNAAAARL...

CHOMP

YYEEEEEEAAAAH!

ROOOOORRRGH!

WUUUU GHHAAHHAHAGH!

HUUURRGH?

GUUUUUUURRRGGGGLEEE...

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RUUUUOOOOARRR

SHUUUNK

WHHHUUOOOUCK!

RROOOOOOAR!

WHERE IS ALL YOUR BRAVADO NOW, MORTAL?

FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK, MAX...

...IT'S RIGHT UNDER YOUR COMMIE NOSE.

SHUUUMMP

HUUUGH!

NICE PLAN, SMITTY.

SAVED BY A GIRL. HOW MANLY FOR YOU.

WHAT CAN I SAY? CHICKS DIG ME.

CLANK

NO! NO! NO! NO!

NO!

I'LL SHOOT THE DAMN LOCK. HELL, IT WORKS IN THE MOVIES...

BUT THIS IS NO MOVIE.

WHO THE HELL...

PERHAPS THE SULLEN VOICE OF A JILTED LOVER?

STAND OFF...

...THE LADDER, DOCTOR.

AWW, COME ON, SASHA, EVERYONE KNOWS YOU RUSSIANS ARE TOO CHEAP TO BUG A ROOM.

MAXIM FIGURED HE COULD KEEP TABS ON ME EASIER BY HAVING YOU PLAYIN' "PIN SOME TAIL ON THE DOCTOR."

STALE... MATE.

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME, DARLIN'.

NO MORE SMIRKING FOR YOU, DOCTOR.

CLICK CLICK

NO MORE BREATHING FOR YOU, HONEY.

AFTER I EMPTIED ALL THE AMMO FROM MY "LOVE GUN" IN YOU, I MADE SURE TO EMPTY ALL THE AMMO FROM THE GUN YOU'D STASHED.

BLAM

BLAM

ROOFTOP ENTRY

SOMEBODY'S GUN SNEEZED...

CLAAAAMP

CRRAAAKK

VAMPIRE VALET SERVICE...

THERE'S ROBIDOUX. TOSS OUT THE LADDER AND WITHDRAW THE CLAW!

CRAP! THE NUT'S OUT OF THE SHELL.

UUUGH... YOU!

YOU BETRAYED YOUR IMMORTAL HERITAGE TO UGGHH... WORK WITH THE INFERIORS.

MOVE ON, MAXIM. THAT WAS THREE CENTURIES AGO.

IF ANYONE BETRAYED OUR GIFT, IT WAS YOU AND YOUR MILLENNIUM MORONS.

NIGHTY-NITE, YOU ETERNAL ASSHOLE.

THUNK

GET OFF THE LADDER, ROBIDOUX!

HUH?

BLAM BLAM

WHY ARE ALL THE HOT-LOOKIN' WOMEN SO DAMN BOSSY?

BLAM BLAM

KILL HER OR KEEP HER PINNED DOWN! GET ROBIDOUX UP HERE!

BRAKKAAA BRAKKAAA

SORRY, MARSHAL, SEEMS LIKE I'M ALWAYS RUNNIN' OUT ON YOU BEFORE YOU CAN CUFF ME UP.

KWAAAANG

KWA

WUGGHHH! WHAT THE...

NONO NONONO!

WE'RE LOSING ALTITUDE! DISENGAGE THE CLAW CABLE!

GRUUUNT! GRUUUNT!

WUFFF! WHUGHH! OOOMF!

GOT IT!

KACHAKK

WUFFF! WHUGHH! OOOMF!

SORRY TO CUT AND RUN ON YA, MARSHAL.

YOU'RE NOT RUNNING ANYWHERE...

AND I'M THE ONE DOING THE CUTTING.

AW...

SWIIIIIZZZH

...CRAP.

NONONO NONONO!

YOU JUST HAD TO CATCH HIM DIDN'T YOU, CHUCK?

GRUNT.

WHUUUUPH

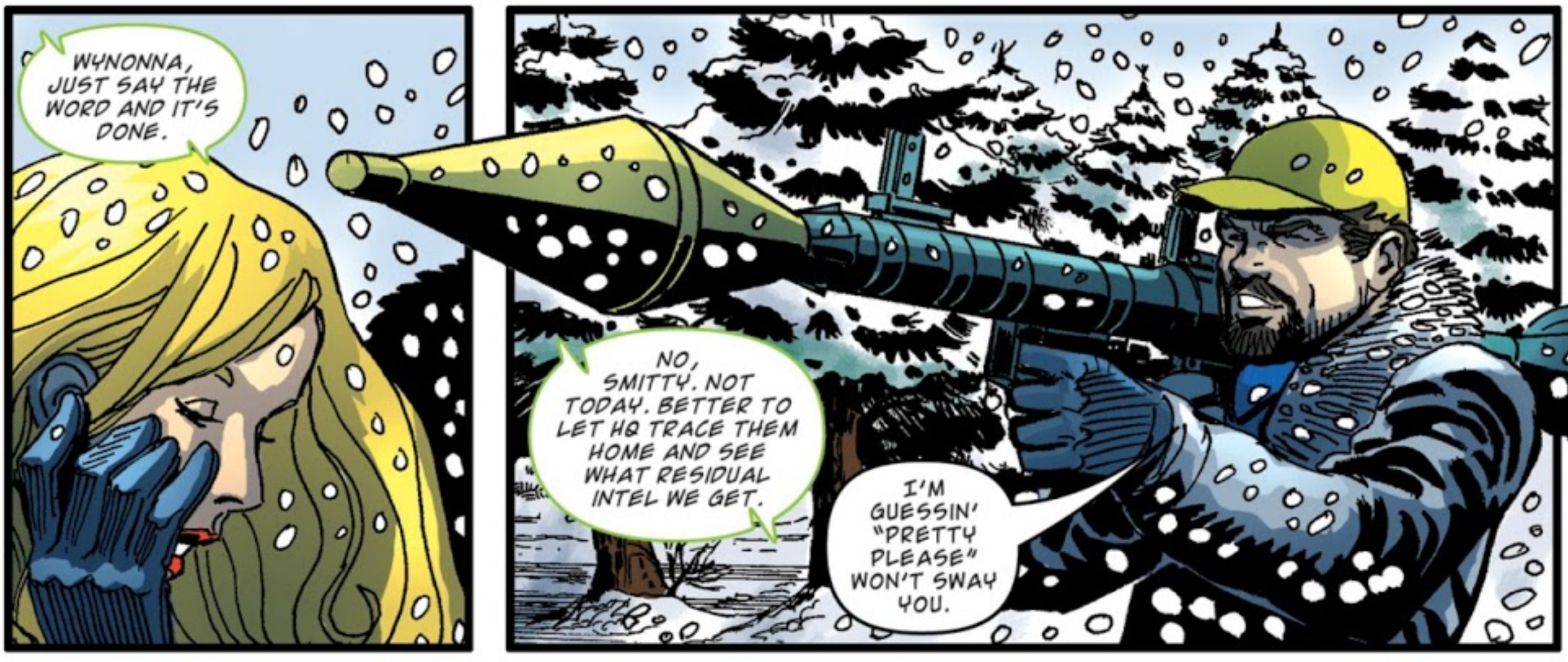
ROBIDOUX AND THE CASE ARE LOST, MR. FARNSWORTH. THE MARSHAL HAS HIM AND THE CASE.

ABORT AND DO NOT ENGAGE, NILES. WE WILL DEAL WITH THE MARSHAL ANOTHER DAY.

YES, MR. FARNSWORTH. UNDERSTOOD.

UNTIL NEXT TIME, MARSHAL.

I COULDN'T HAVE SAID IT ANY BETTER, BOYS.


WYNONNA, JUST SAY THE WORD AND IT'S DONE.
NO, SMITTY. NOT TODAY. BETTER TO LET HQ TRACE THEM HOME AND SEE WHAT RESIDUAL INTEL WE GET.
I'M GUESSIN' "PRETTY PLEASE" WON'T SWAY YOU.

GRRRRRR...
NOPE. STAND DOWN, SMITTY. WE'RE ROUNDING UP THE STRAYS AND HEADING HOME.
MAYBE YOU CAN BLOW SOMETHING UP TOMORROW.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS LATER. AREA 51-GROOM LAKE, NEVADA.

LATITUDE: 115549' 00" W.

LONGITUDE: 37514' 00" N.

AWWW... HELL...

AREA 51

HALL UNIVERSITY

THERE IS NO PRISON ON THIS PLANET THAT IS SAFE FOR YOU, DOCTOR.

GUULP!

I'M GUESSIN' MAXIM'S GONNA "DE-FRIEND" YOU ON FACEBOOK, DOC.

Y'ALL GOT SOME SORTA MINIMUM SECURITY CELL ON THE MOON... DON'T YA?

TRUST ME, NOBODY IS GOING TO GET TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING.

CONJUGAL VISITATION WAS ON MY PRISON WANT LIST. DON'T FORGET THAT, MARSHAL.

AREA 51

HMMPH! THE ONLY THING HE CAN EXPECT ON HIS DANCE CARD IS THE "FIVE KNUCKLE SHUFFLE."

DO YOU KISS YOUR MOMMA WITH THAT DIRTY MOUTH, YOUNG LADY?

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WYNONNA! COME TO SEE ME AND THE BOYS OFF?

SMITTY, YOU COME TO PAY CHUCK WHAT YOU OWE HIM?

YES AND YES, DONOVAN. RIGHT, SMITTY?

YEAH, YEAH, SURE, SURE.

AS "HAIRY" AS IT WAS, I'VE GOT TO ADMIT, IT WAS GREAT WORKING WITH YOU AGAIN, WY.

UGH. YOU'RE AS BAD AS SMITTY WITH THE UNFUNNY PUNS, DONOVAN.

MUST BE A "GUYS IN FLANNEL" KINDA THING.

M

US GOVT. BEER

I HEARD AUSTIN HAS PUT HOLLY IN CHARGE OF QUESTIONING MAXIM. YOU KNOW, ONE IMMORTAL TO ANOTHER.

DO YOU THINK HE'LL WANNA CUT A DEAL?

MAXIM DOESN'T CUT DEALS, HE OUTLIVES THEM.

IF ANYBODY CAN SIFT THROUGH HIS CRYPTIC, IMMORTAL BULLSHIT, IT'S HOLLY.

AGAIN WITH THE BAD LANGUAGE. I SHOULD WASH YOUR MOUTH OUT WITH--

I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.

GRUNT.

SNORT... SNIFF... SNORT.

US GOVT: BEER

HERE! I GUESS THIS SQUARES US UP.

GRUNT!

AWWW, YEAH... OKAY!

M

FIFTY... A HUNDRED... A HUNDRED AND FIFTY... TWO HUNDRED.

GRUNT!

THEY'VE CLEARED US FOR TAKEOFF.

NEXT TIME YOU'RE CHASING DOWN HIP-HOP GOBLINS IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST, COME SEE ME. I'LL COOK YOU UP THE BEST NATIVE TROUT YOU'VE EVER HAD.

COUNT ON IT.

M

SEE YA SOON, BOYS. REMEMBER, STOW YOUR TRAY TABLES AND RETURN YOUR SEAT BACKS TO THEIR ORIGINAL POSITIONS AND ALL THAT.

DRUNKEN WOOKIES. WHAT THE HELL DO THEY NEED MONEY FOR... BIGFOOT PORN?

COME ON, SMITTY, CHEER UP. IT WAS A GOOD FEW DAYS OF WORK...

MUMBLE... GRUMBLE... TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS... CASE OF BEER...

NOT A FULL CASE.

CARE FOR A COLD ONE?

COLD ONE?

LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, WE CAUGHT A FUGITIVE MONSTER-MAKING MAD SCIENTIST...

WE CAPTURED THE HEAD HONCHO OF THE IMMORTALIS CONSORTIUM AND A FEW OF HIS PET YETI...

AND LET'S NOT FORGET, WE PUT A BAG OF FLAMING SHIT ON THE FRONT PORCH OF THE VAMPIRE NATION.

WATCH YOUR DIRTY MOUTH, GIRL.

HEY! HOW COME YOU CAN CUSS, AND I CAN'T?

IT'S CALLED RESPECTING YOUR ELDERS, CHILD, AND YOU AIN'T MY ELDER YET.

NOBODY IS OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR ELDER, SMITTY.

JUST SHUT UP AND DRINK, OKAY?

END.